



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

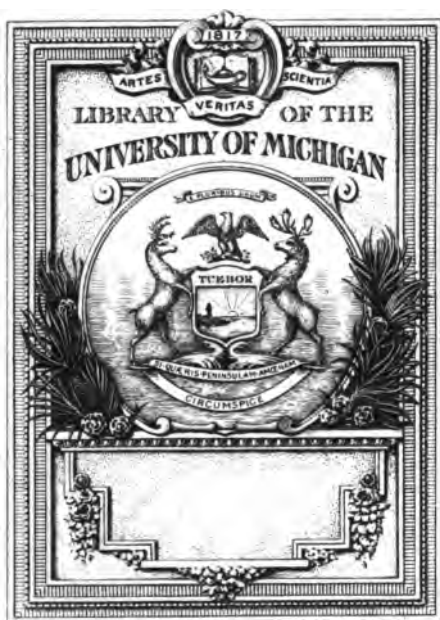
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

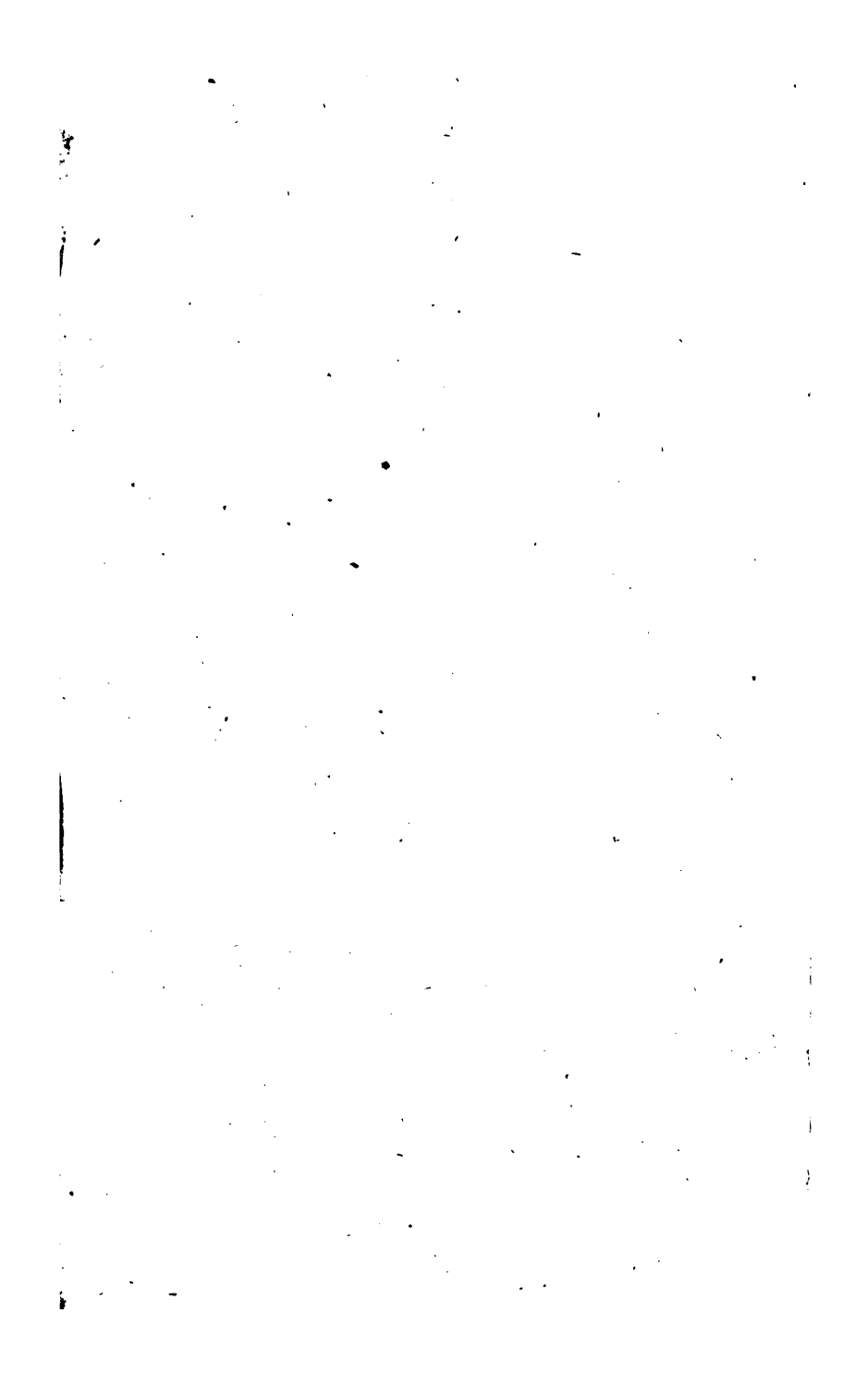


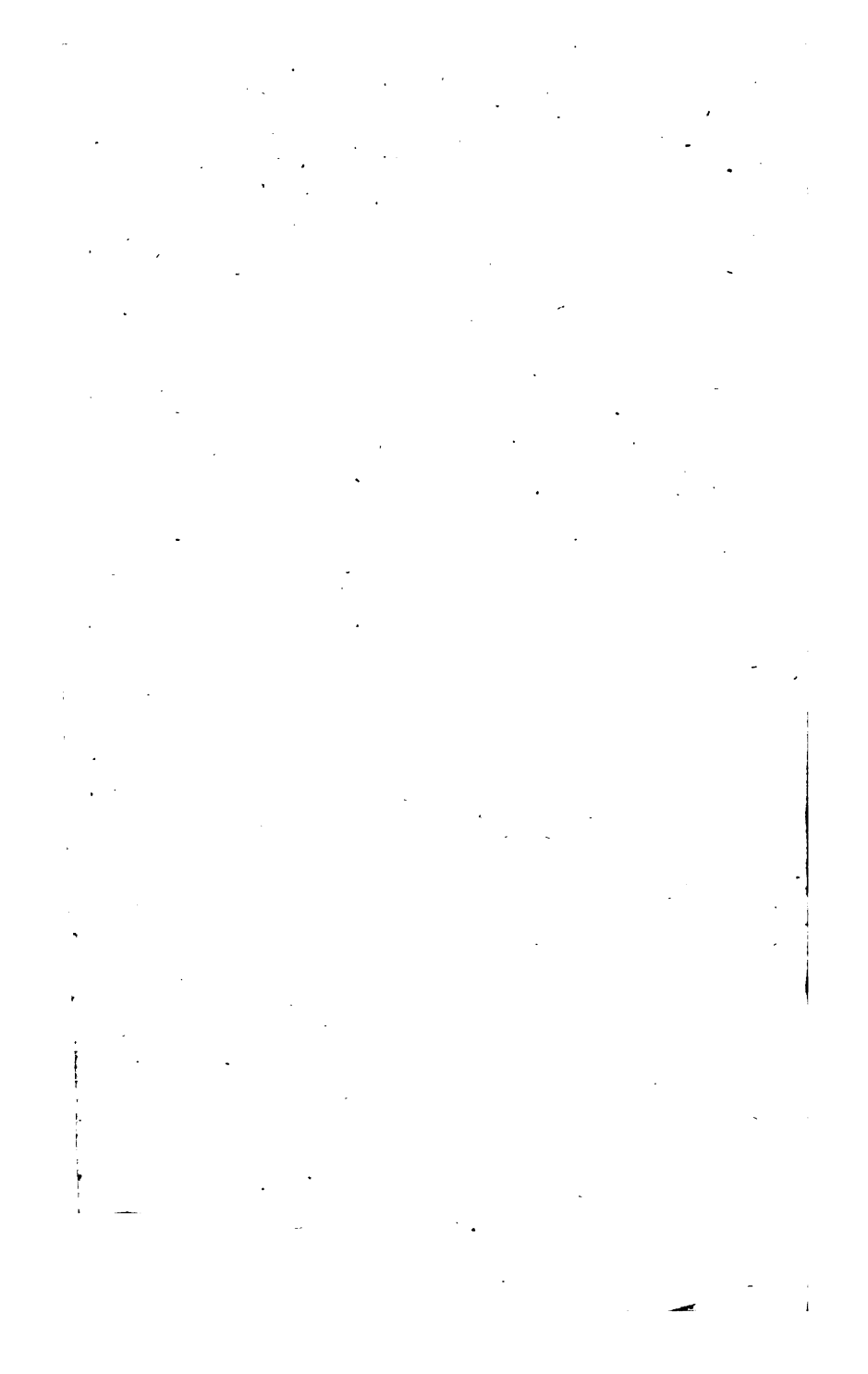
reprint copy
none in this set
1876

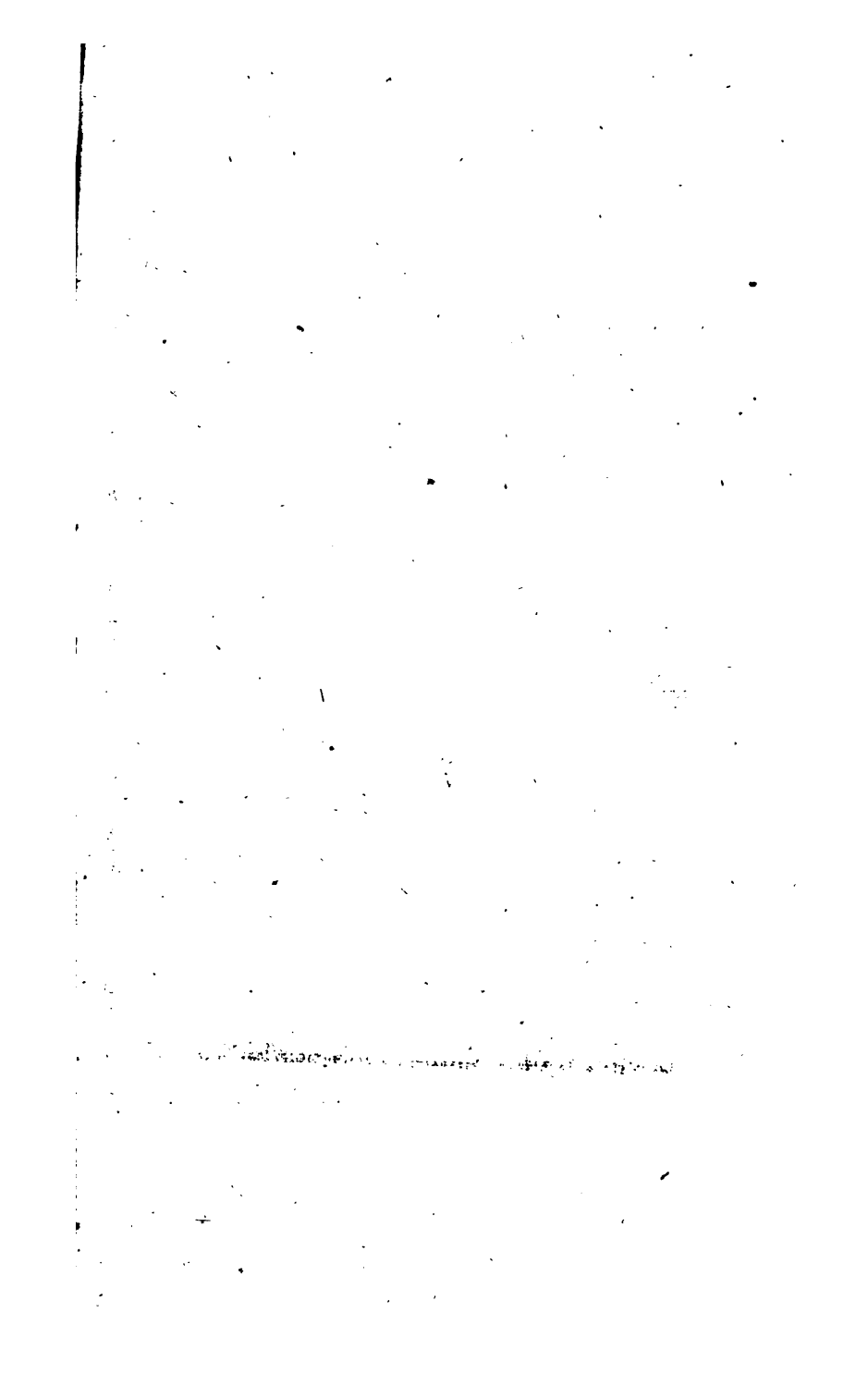


828
W78
1783











P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,



ENTERTAINING, ELEGIAC,

AND

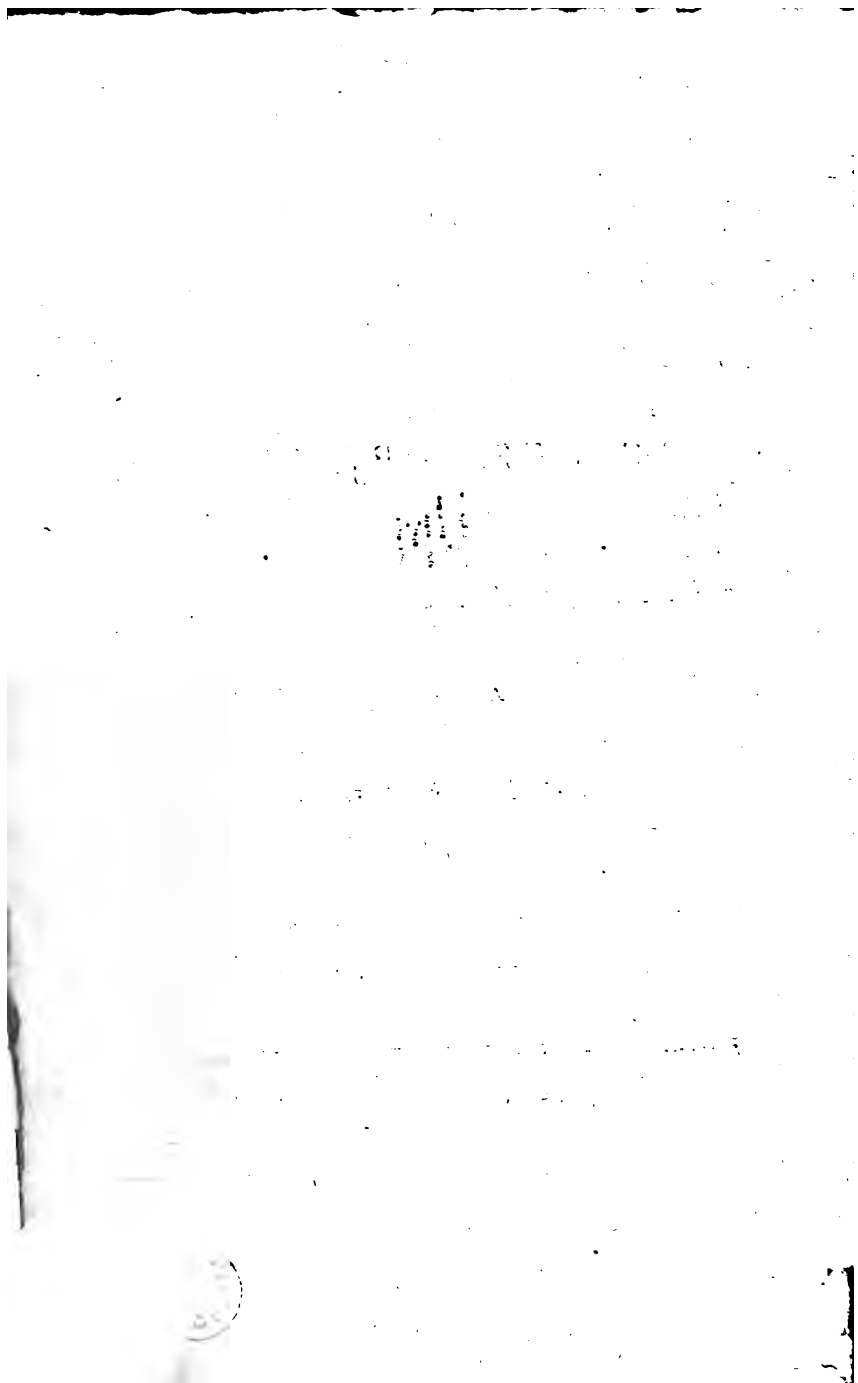
R E L I G I O U S.

By JANE CAVE.

WINCHESTER:

Printed for the Author, by J. SADLER.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.



English
Dr Bell
10-21-40
41481

To the SUBSCRIBERS.

*Y*E gen'rous patrons of a female's muse,
Ere you my works with studious eye
peruse,

*My pen would first in humble strains impart
The genuine dictates of a grateful heart:
Thanks to my friends—and should my labours
please,*

*Crown'd are my wishes, and my heart's at ease;
My time improv'd, my musing hours well spent,
If these conspire to give my friends content:
But * Seward, Steele, or Moore, hope not to
see,*

With gentle candour read the Author's Plea.†

* Celebrated Poetesses.—† The first Poem.

7-11-41 HFF

THE HISTORY OF THE

of the ... of the ...

... of the ...

... of the ...

... of the ...

... of the ...

... of the ...

T H E C O N T E N T S.

T HE Author's Plea	1
On Love and Wine	6
On the Parting of the Miss B——s, of Winchester, with Mr. and Mrs. G——n	8
To a young Gentleman, who presented the Author with a Poem in commen- dation of her singing	10
Extempore on Miss Organ	13
The Woman's Ornament	14
Credulia's Complaint	18
On the Marriage of a Lady, to whom the Author was Bride-Maid	21
From Eusebia to Fidelio	25
On the Marriage of Captain A——— to Miss R———	29
A Letter to an Aunt	34
A	On

On the Departure of a Youth from the Author	37
To a Friend, on going to Itchen	40
A Poem, occasioned by a Lady's doubt- ing whether the Author composed an Elegy to which her name is affixed	44
A Poem for Children, on Cruelty, &c.	47
On an angry, petulant Kitchen-Maid	49
On the Death of an only Child	52
On the Author's leaving Bath, and go- ing to Winchester	53
On the Celebration of the Night in which Misses W—— and J—— were bound Apprentices to Miss H——.	56
On building Castles	57
On viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W.	61
To an Aunt	62
On seeing Lady P—— at a Place of Worship	63
On	

ELEGIAC POEMS.

On the Death of Mr. Bradford	65
On the Death of Mrs. Maybery	69
On the Death of Mrs. Blake	74
On the Death of Mr. Whitefield	77
On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Howell Harris	83
On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Watkins	89
On the Death of the Author's Mother	96
Epitaph on a young Man who died three Days after he was married	100
Another on a young Lady	101
Another on an amiable Wife.	ibid.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

A Poem on hearing the Rev. Mr. R—d read the Morning Service	102
An Hymn in Time of Opposition	107
Ano-	

Another Hymn	108
On the first General Fast after the Com- mencement of the late War	111
Lines composed instantaneously, at the Request of a Company of gay Ladies	114
On profane Cursing and Swearing	116
On the Departure of six Missionaries to America	118
On hearing the Tolling of a Bell	121
An Hymn for Consecration	130
An Hymn for Christmas	132
On the General Fast, Feb. 8, 1782	135
On hearing the Rev. Mr. B——, from Psalm 65, 2	138
Ingratitude	146
An Hymn for a Child who has lost its Father and Mother	147
Love, the Effence of Religion	149

P O E M S
ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

The AUTHOR'S PLEA.

WHO with a Critic's eye this book
runs o'er,

Detects perhaps, a thousand faults, and more,
Impartially the Author's plea must hear,
And then perhaps will cease to be severe.

When reason first adorn'd my infant mind,
To books and poetry my heart inclin'd,

B

And

And as my years advanc'd, the passion
grew,

And fair ideas round my fancy flew.

The Muses seem'd to court me for their
friend,

But Fortune would not to their suit attend;

She understood who proper subjects were,

To hold a converse with these airy fair,

Must be possess'd at least of independence,

That to the Muses they may give at-
tendance,

By books and study fructify the mind,

And lead the genius where it was inclin'd.

The inauspicious Dame deny'd that I,

Should thus, where Nature's self inclin'd,
apply;

For she perceiv'd, I did the Muse befriend,

And could my days in contemplation spend,

Yet

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 3

Yet so contracted, circumscrib'd my line,
I paus'd—if to discard the tuneful Nine.

Now duty calls my thoughts a different
way ;

Justice enjoins; I must her call obey.
So when the Muses come on anxious wing,
Some pleasing subject to my fancy bring,
I bid them fly where peaceful leisure rests,
I have no time to entertain such guests.
They oft affect a deafness, draw more near,
Declare that they can no repulses bear,
Demand admittance, vow they are inclin'd,
To stay till they imprint it on my mind.

Sometimes they are less bold, more shyly
come,
And with indifference ask if I'm at home.

If duty will admit, I ask them in,
When some engaging converse they begin;
But ere, perhaps, the conversation's o'er,
Duty commands that we converse no more.
Now Duty's call, I never must refuse,
I rise,—and with a blush myself excuse;
Tell them I must withdraw a while, and
when

Duty admits, I will return again.
Sometimes till I return, they deign to stay,
Sometimes they take offence, and fly
away,

And never on that subject visit more,
But bid me Fate's contracted hand deplore.

Thus, what the Author to the World
presents,

Appears through numberless impediments:

And

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 5

And what of praise, or of dispraise you view,
To Nature and the Muse is wholly due ;
This, she presumes, will candid minds
suffice,
And for her each defect apologize.



6. P O E M S

On LOVE and WINE.

Written by Desire of P. G. Esq. of

WINCHESTER.

COME, descend ye gentle Nine !
Be Cupid too and Venus there ;
When I sing of Love and Wine,
Let Bacchus to my song repair.

Love, of ev'ry theme the best ;
Where this celestial passion reigns,
Oh ! the house, the heart, how blest,
Silken bands are Hymen's chains !

Love will ev'ry fault conceal,
And kindly each defect pass o'er ;
Generously each good reveal,
And the minutest grace explore.

Those

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 7.

Those who wed for nought but gold,
As well may marble rocks unite;
In their flinty cliffs enfold,
And know Love's rapt'rous soft delight.

But when hands in wedlock join,
And their twin'd hearts unite in Love;
Peace is their's, and joys divine,
Next to those which reign above.

And should more auspicious fate
Bestow another blessing still;
Deign our comforts to compleat,
Our boards with Wine and Plenty fill.

Wine will chear the languid heart,
And Love each angry thought controul
All that Nature asks, impart,
And fill with Paradise the Soul.

Written

8 P O E M S

Written by the Desire of the Miss B——s,
of WINCHESTER, on their parting with
Mr. and Mrs. G——N.

AH! gloomy, inauspicious day,
Which tears our charming friends
away,

Which bids us from our G——N part,
And stamps their absence on our heart!
Let clouds and darkness veil the sky,
And tears descend from ev'ry eye.

Adieu ye lovely happy pair,
Who all the social comforts share;
Love, joy, and calm tranquillity,
Compose your blest society.

With

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 9

With you what happy hours we've spent,
In pleasure, mirth, and sweet content.
Alas ! those pleasing days are o'er,
And you the B——s blefs no more.

But absence shall not damp our flame,
Friendship's pure lamp shall burn the same ;
And while we have an ear to hear,
The name of G——n shall be dear.



To

10 P O E M S

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN who presented
the Author with a Poem, in Commem-
oration of her Singing.

COULD I, arch youth, your flatt'ring
lines believe ;

Were not your sex too subject to deceive,
I, like a credulous, unthinking maid,
Might be to thoughts of vanity betray'd ;
But, conscious my dull pipe no merit
claims,
My soul, like a stern oak, unmov'd re-
mains.

Were I assur'd that what those lines im-
part,
Was quite the genuine language of your
heart,

It

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 11

It surely would *demonstrate* a defect,
Which in my friend I wish not to detect.
Your sense and judgment 'twould at once
decry,
And prove you praise you know not what,
nor why.

But I esteem your sense and penetration,
And thus conclude, from that consideration,
That all th' encomiums you on me bestow,
I, to your skill in irony must owe;
Your sex are quite proficient in this school,
And may elate the vain, unwary fool.

While I good-nature in my friend admire;
While grace and perspicuity conspire,
To make him all a parent can desire,
Yet would I say, as to the friend I love,
(For none so good but he may still improve)

Would

12 P O E M S

Would you be thought a pleasing, hopeful
youth,

Let all you write or speak be grac'd with
truth.

Truth with resplendent lustre shews her
face,

While falshood skulks, and sinks in black
disgrace.

As you advance in years, in virtue grow,
So shall you her transcendant blessings know.

Virtue and Wisdom are entwined friends;
Who Virtue gains, true Wisdom apprehends,

Heav'n guards his feet, and peace his
steps attends.



Spoken

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 13

Spoken extempore to a young Lady, whose
Name was ORGAN, on her Return Home,
after a few Months Absence.

WHEN tuneful instruments appear,
They indicate some pleasure near,
And if an Organ we behold,
It doth a sacred theme unfold ;
It's one, it's chief, it's grand design,
Is to break forth in songs divine.
Welcome, fair instrument of praise,
Thy presence shall our spirits raise ;
And that thou art preserv'd from ill,
Art an unblemish'd Organ still,
That ev'ry pipe's in tune, rejoice,
And we'll accord in heart and voice.

C

THE

THE
WOMAN'S ORNAMENT.

SYLVIA, as you descend from line to
line,

I know your judgment will concur with
mine.

Should passion with your better thoughts
contend,

In Reason's empire I've insur'd a friend,

While I attempt, tho' in a feeble strain,

My sex's brightest ornament t' explain.

It centers not in yon' unthinking lass,
Who murders half her moments at the
glass.

That

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 15

That well drest cap, or better frizzled
head,

With richest pearls and tow'ring plumes
o'er-spread,

That lovely easy shape, or graceful air,

Which at the ball eclipses all the fair,

That Angel's face, whose beauteous hues
disclose,

The snowy lilly, or the blushing rose ;

With iv'ry teeth, or more bewitching
eyes,

Before whose lustre ev'ry brilliant dies ;

With voice harmonious, or enchanting
tongue,

With pointed wit, or elocution hung ;

With these, O Sylvia ! you may be replete,

Yet want the pearl which makes you truly
great.

But can you boast of wealth and store of
gold?

In you, some sordid minds the gem behold;
Possess of this, you'll meet each swain's
respect,

It strangely turns to beauty each defect,
Makes prudence, virtue, sense, and merit
flow,

From ground where folly, vice, and malice
grow.

But one esteem'd the wisest of the wise,
Beheld our sexes worth with other eyes,
And her pronounces, of the pearl possess,
Who's with a meek and quiet spirit blest,
Whose soul retains sound judgment, solid
sense,

And virtue, with religion's noble fence;
An humble, gen'rous, free, exalted mind,
From all the grosser sentiments refin'd;

An

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 17

An heart sincere, sedate,—not apt to roam,
A mind domestic, ever best at home.
Be this my lot, my noble portion this,
And lo! I ask for no superior bliss.

CREDULIA'S COMPLAINT.

A H! why these tears,—this rising sigh,
These soft impressions yet ;
Cannot such matchless perfidy
Compel me to forget ?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,
Ye solitary bowers,
Beneath your soft alluring shades
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From you alone I seek redress,
PERFIDIO's vows recal ;
Perhaps you'll pity my distress,
For you have heard them all.

Ah !

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 19

Ah ! with what tears did he invoke,
What sighs my love implore,
A thousand tender things he spoke,
And look'd a thousand more.

Long did he seek CREDULIA'S heart,
Ere she that heart could give,
Till Cupid shot that fatal dart,
Which bade PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to express
The transports of his soul,
He hop'd no more,—must die with less,
Her will should his controul.

Still more as with her converse blest,
The gentle flame increas'd ;
'Twas Paradise within his breast,
When her his arms embrac'd.

And

And should she ever prove unkind,
Or with another wed,
He'd never change his steadfast mind,
But join the peaceful dead.

I heard nor did the fraud detect,
The treach'rous swain believ'd,
Nor once did my weak heart suspect,
I e'er should be deceiv'd.

But such I was:— Yet still the tear
Unwilling fills my eye,
And still I find his image there,
And still I heave a sigh.

But rise, my soul, with just disdain,
Regard the guilty youth,
Nor let him give thy bosom pain,
Who flies the path of truth.

On

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 27

On the Marriage of a LADY, to whom the
Author was Bride-Maid.

AS the light bark on the tempestuous sea,
Toss'd to and fro, from dangers never
free ;

Dismay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry
blast,

Till in a port her anchor's firmly cast ;

So oft is mov'd Man's fluctuating mind,

Till it in wedlock a safe anchor find ;

Here, if the soul but meets her destin'd
mate,

Her joys are full, her happiness compleat.

Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,
Whose nuptial rites I this glad morn
attend ;

Whose

Whose humble, gentle mind for peace was
born,

Whom virtue, love, and innocence adorn.

Celestial graces dignify thy soul,

While pure religion all thy ways controul.

These noble virtues, which in thee abound,

Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER
found.

His heart sincere, his temper soft and
mild,

Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd.

Such gentle hearts alone should join their
hands,

And find that Hymen's chains are filken
bands.

Their emulation's not who'll reign su-
preme,

But who shall love the most,—be most
serene.

Remote

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 23

Remote from vanity and wordly toys,
Each seeks with each for more substantial
joys.

Tranquillity shall in their borders dwell,
Nor discord once approach their peaceful
cell,

But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,
As mutually each other's joys will share.

Thus, thus, my friend, may you for
ever prove,

The soft delight of harmony and love ;
May ev'ry blessing you can ask of Heav'n,
To constitute your happiness be giv'n.

If Heav'n bestows, with joy receive the
prize,

If Heav'n withholds, 'tis best what Heav'n
denies.

Thus

Thus sweetly may you pass your future
life,

Nor once repent that you became a wife ;

That you declin'd the pleasing name of

B——M,

And that alone preferr'd of H—RAG—M.



From

From EUSEBIA to FIDELIO.

ERE you, FIDELIO, these soft lines
shall view,

We shall have spoke that painful word,
Adieu!

I know the anguish of your faithful heart,
I know you thought it more than death to
part;

But now 'tis done;—The dreaded trial's
o'er,

Your lov'd EUSEBIA you behold no more.

No more on willing feet together walk,

Or of our joys, or of our sorrows talk;

When each, as to a friend sincere and kind,

Disclos'd the fond emotions of the mind.

D

No

No more FIDELIO's arms become my bed,
Or on his neck reclines my drooping head;
Days, weeks, and months must in succession
glide,

Ere you, again, will join EUSEBIA's side:
O'er hills and dales she takes her distant
flight,

And mountain tops obscure her from your
sight;

Long lanes, and fields, and meadows
cloath'd in green,

And many a weary step, lies now between:

Perhaps, ere this, a tear bedews your eye,
And your sad bosom heaves a tender sigh;
But spare your tears, of this your heart
assure,

Mine eyes enough for you and I procure.

So

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 27

So let no doubts your constant heart assail,
For none but you, FIDELIO, shall prevail.
Shou'd Heav'n advance me to the highest
sphere,

You only are, and ever shall be dear.

That gen'rous heart, which sought not
gold, but me,

Shall meet its equal, noble, gen'rous, free.
Fair Fortune smiles and I'll again return,
And bid my just FIDELIO cease to mourn.
Our constant hearts, our willing hands shall
join,

Thy lov'd EUSEBIA shall be wholly thine.
But if on earth we ne'er shall meet again,
In this afflictive world of grief and pain;
If Heav'n, all-wise, erects my nuptial
bed,

Within the peaceful regions of the dead,

I hope to meet you in that world above,
Where it will be adjudg'd no crime to
love;

Where *fathers* cannot frown, nor friends
dismay,

But all be joy through one eternal day.



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 29

On the Marriage of Captain A—— to
Miss R——.

YE Nymphs of Helicon, attend my
lyre,

While all the feather'd Choristers conspire,
In notes celestial to salute the morn,

When SYLVIA doth the nuptial rites adorn.

See Cupids, Sylphs, and Goddeffes descend ;

Venus and all her gentle train attend ;

While ev'ry fragrant flow'r appears in
bloom,

And minds most pensive dissipate their
gloom.

All happy in this nuptial joy to share,

And each congratulates the happy pair.

The happy pair, who, lock'd in Hymen's
bands,
United hearts, ere they united hands.

ORENZO's heart, to martial fields enur'd,
Who all the hostile acts of war endur'd,
One tender look from SYLVIA quite dif-
arms ;

But where's the bosom can withstand such
charms ?

When beauty, grace, and innocence com-
bin'd,

T' inspire the soul, and captivate the mind.

Who proof remains, 'gainst cannon balls
and fire,

May by one glance from SYLVIA's eyes
expire.

Those lovely eyes emitted such a dart,

As made a conquest of ORENZO's heart ;

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 31

A noble conquest, worthy of the fair,
Who in his future joys and grief will share.

How blest the swain, of such a bride
possest !

The nymph ally'd to such a swain, how
blest !

Long may you live,—connubial life adorn ;

Yea, live to bless the children yet unborn,

Live,—and no other emulation know,

But who the greatest tenderness shall shew ;

And when fair SYLVIA feels a Mother's care

May she a Mother's consolation share ;

May ev'ry tender branch that shall be giv'n,

Be fructify'd with all the gifts of Heav'n.

While SYLVIA, who by good example's
taught,

Whose mind is by maternal goodness
fraught,

With

With such instruction, as pursu'd through
life,

Will grace the mother, and adorn the wife.

Fair SYLVIA will, with notions most refin'd,

Direct their steps, and cultivate the mind.

ORENZO too, with a paternal heart,

Will all that's useful, kind, or good,
impart.

Thus, with each joy, and social comfort
blest,

Each morn they'll rise, and eve retire to rest.

Should duty, loyalty, or war's alarms,
Demand ORENZO from his SYLVIA's arms,
With rage redoubl'd, he'll engage the foe,
And sink them swiftly down to shades
below ;

Bid each the fatal consequences prove,
Who dares detain the hero from his love.

Thus

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 33

Thus conqu'ring more by Cupid than by
Mars,

Fly to his fair triumphant from the wars ;
Find in her virtuous arms that sweet repast,
Which lawless libertines can never taste ;
Her ev'ry look shall joys sublime create,
And make a Paradife of his retreat.



A

LETTER to an AUNT.

DEAR Madam please to pardon me,
That I with you this freedom take,
But thus a kind enquiry,
After your health is all I make.

My parents, self, and sisters too,
Thro' mercy are extremely well;
And hope, and long, and pray that you,
This pleasing news may have to tell.

Alas ! tis more than fix long years,
Since you and I were forced to part,
I need not tell, for sure my tears
Confess'd how much it moved my heart.

This

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 33

This pensive thought my mind impress,
Alas ! I ne'er shall see her more ;
Then was my spirit so distress'd,
That fill'd with grief, my eyes ran o'er.

And now again, with grief I say,
I ne'er expect your face to see,
Since nothing calls me hence your way,
And nothing calls you thence to me.

But if we never meet below,
While we these mortal bodies wear,
When you, dear Aunt, to Heav'n shall go,
May I be blest to meet you there.

While yet appears your setting sun,
Some fleeting moments yet remain ;
If ev'ry family should be one,
Why may not ink our paper stain.

Madam,

Madam, if you will condescend
To write, if but a single line,
You'll much oblige your loving friend,
An humble fav'rite of the Nine.

But should I not this favour gain,
Till Death tranfinites me to my grave,
I wish, dear Madam, to remain,
Your loving dutious niece, JANE CAVE.



On

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 37

On the Departure of a Youth from the
Author, with whom he had lived near
two Years.

DAYS, weeks, and months are gone
and past,

This morning ushers in the last,
The last,—that ever we, my friend,
May in one habitation spend.

But ere we part, my friendly muse
Wou'd kindly this precaution use.

You now are just in manhood's dawn,
And flow'ry prospects deck the lawn;
Wealth, pleasure, strength, and length of
days,

With joyful hope, your mind surveys.

E

But

But let your heart receive this truth,
Ten thousand snares are laid for youth;
Ten thousand sins, in pleasure's dress,
Each youth will to their bosom press.
One sin calls here, another there,
And youth, too oft, incline an ear,
The soft delusive voice to hear.

Regard then this my parting breath,
Those flow'ry paths lead down to death,
And when you are from me remote,
With gay companions, void of thought;
When you shall hear their tongues profane
The great JEHOVAH's sacred name,
And you, perhaps, with them shall join
To imprecate the wrath divine,
Tho' no reproving friend is near,
Remember God himself is there.

Let

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 39

Let recollection then relate,
What oft you've heard a friend repeat,
Conscience shall ev'ry truth attest,
And own each admonition just ;
She will a faithful diary keep,
Tho' oft we think she's lull'd to sleep.
But ah !—should death your soul o'ertake,
You'd find the treach'rous dame awake ;
But this obscure, this last sad day,
Youth shuns, and puts it far away.
But come, or soon, or late that hour,
We know we all must feel its pow'r.

This long expected period's come,
As certain *that*, which seals our doom,
Which stabs our vitals,—draws our breath,
And closes up our eyes in death,
Which makes us bid the world Adieu !
And brings eternity to view,

Which hails us partners of the sky,
Or bids us down to horror fly :
Then shall your heart these lines approve,
And know that all I meant was love.

Written to a Friend, on going to IRCHEN,
about five Miles from WINCHESTER, to
see a Country Seat belonging to the Duke
of Chandos.

A Friendly party, of one mind,
Were for a pleasure-day inclin'd,
Forsook their beds on Thursday morn,
When each their persons did adorn

With

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 41

With raiment proper for the day,
And in high spirits drove away.

The morn did a bad day portend,
Bid some unwelcome show'rs descend;
But fable clouds now disappear,
And azure decks the atmosphere;
Phœbus expands his golden rays,
And all the rural sweets displays,
And that my friend the whole may know,
We to a place call'd *ITCHEN* go;
Where, with an honest batchelor,
We meet with good and hearty cheer.
Sincere, ingenuous, plain and free,
No needless compliment had he.
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuse,
And each as welcome to refuse.
A while we after dinner sat,
Engag'd in inoffensive chat,

Then arm in arm, in pairs we stalk,
And to his Grace's mansion walk.
Here, each apartment we behold,
Doth something of the Duke unfold.
Magnificence decks ev'ry place,
And speaks the owner is his Grace.
Some ancient portraits caught my eye,
Which bid my bosom heave a sigh,
For ah ! those once lov'd forms with
reptiles lie.

When we had view'd the mansion o'er,
Park, garden, fish-ponds, and much more,
Our feeble frames begin to tire,
And some refreshment we require.
We now approach the humble cell,
Wherein our rustic friend doth dwell.
Here, fill'd with new ideas, we
Regale us with a dish of tea.

Some

Some hours yet remain unspent,
 And pleasure was our sole intent.
 So that we may the same increase,
 Resolv'd the chrystal stream to trace,
 Forthwith into a boat we go,
 And up and down the river row,
 See the glad fishes frisk and play,
 And seem as blest, and pleas'd as they.

Re-ent'ring now our friends retreat,
 To make his bounty quite compleat,
 A pleasant syllabub we find,
 When each may drink, who is inclin'd.

Phœbus now hastens to the west,
 We think to hasten home is best;
 So parting with our gen'rous friend,
 Wishing each blifs may him attend,
 Enter our carriage, drive away,
 Bestow encomiums on the day.

None

None seem'd inclining to relent,
 Each had a day of pleasure spent;
 Thus chatting on, till we alight,
 And bid each other a good night.

Thankful, we all are safe and well,
 And that no ill has us befall;
 Each to their dwelling go their way,
 And thus concludes our pleasure-day.

A Poem, occasioned by a Lady's doubting
 whether the Author composed an Elegy,
 to which her Name is affix'd.

IF good Miss H— will condescend,
 To read these lines which I have penn'd,
 Perhaps it may her doubts confute,
 And she'll no more my word dispute,
 But

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 49.


But own I may the Author be,
Of what she did on Sunday see.

You'd hate a base perfidious youth,
Such *my* disgust to all untruth,
A gen'rous mind, is never prone
To claim a merit not her own.
I wou'd disdain t' affix my name
To that, which is another's claim.
Of beauteous form Heav'n made me not,
(Nor has soft affluence been my lot,)
But fix'd me in an humble station,
Remote from those of rank and fashion;
But there are beauties of the mind,
Which are not to the great confin'd;
Wisdom does not erect her seat
Always in palaces of state;
This blessing Heav'n dispenses round,
She's sometimes in a cottage found,

And

And tho' she is a guest majestic,
May deign to dwell in a domestic.

Yet, of this great celestial guest,
I dare not boast myself possess,
But this wou'd represent to you,
As Wisdom does, the Muses do,
No deference shew to wealth or ease,
But pay their visits as they please.
Sometimes they deign to call on me,
And tune my mind to poetry ;
But ah ! they're fled, I'll drop my pen,
Nor raise it till they call again.



A POEM for CHILDREN.

On Cruelty to the Irrational Creation.

OH! what a cruel wicked thing,
For me who am a little King,*
To give my hapless subjects pain,
And make them groan beneath my reign.

Were I a chafer, and could fly,
Ah! should I not with anguish cry,
Should naughty children take a pin,
And run me through to make me spin?

Were I a bird, took from my nest,
Should I not think myself opprest,
If tofs'd about in wanton play,
'Till maim'd and faint I die away?

* See PsALMS, viii. vi.

Now

Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,
 Let cruelty my heart annoy,
 Because it is a dreadful evil,
 That only fits me for the Devil.

If I must ought of life deprive,
 The quickest way I will contrive,
 To stop the tremb'ling victim's breath,
 And give it little pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,
 A toad, a viper, or a rat;
 They're form'd by an Almighty hand,
 And sprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horse, yea every creature,
 Of the most mild or savage nature,
 Were kindly given for my use,
 But never meant for my abuse.

Good

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 49

Good men, thy holy word attests,
Are kind and tender to their beasts;
May I be merciful and kind,
That I with thee may mercy find.

Written by Desire of a Lady, on an angry,
petulant Kitchen-Maid.

GOOD Mistress Dishclout, what's the
matter?

Why here—the spoon, and there—the
platter?

What demon causes all this low'ring,
Black as the pot you oft are scow'ring?
Hot as the fire you daily light,
Your speech with low invectives blight,

F

While

While rage impregnates ev'ry vein,
And dies the face *one crimson stain.*

Sure some one has a word misplac'd,
Or look'd not equal to your taste,
Or, is this just the time you've chose,
Your great acquirements to disclose,
Display the graces of your tongue,
Shew with what eloquence 'tis hung,
As dog, rogue, scoundrel, scrub, what not,
And twenty more, I've quite forgot ;
Which prove to a demonstration
You've had a lib'ral education ;
Such titles must enchant the ear,
And make the bounteous donor dear ;
But while these bounties are dispensing,
I wish I'd learn'd the art of fencing,
Least while at John you aim to throw,
My nob should chance to catch the blow ;

Then

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 51

Then I should get a broken pate,
And marks of violence I hate.

Good Mistrefs Dishclout condescend
To hear the counsel of a friend ;
When next you are dispos'd to brawl,
Pray let the scull'ry hear it all,
And learn to know, your fittest place
Is with the dishes and the grease,
And when you are inclin'd to battle,
Engage the skimmer, spit, or kettle,
Or any other kitchen guest,
Which you in wisdom might think best.



Written by Desire of a Mother, who had
lost an only Child.

AS with delight we view the op'ning
rose

Expand, and all her fragrant sweets disclose,
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,
In all the charms of innocence array'd ;
Oft had her little all, her only child,
The tedious hour with pleasing chat
beguil'd,

But Heav'n, all-good, and infinitely wise,
Remov'd this darling idol to the skies,
Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by sin,
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could brood
therein,

Ere she arriv'd at years that might destroy,
By one false step, a tender mother's joy.

Behold

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 53

Behold she soars to yon celestial fields,
Where ev'ry plant æthereal odour yields ;
With pitying eye, methinks she looks below,
Commis'rates a tender mother's woe,
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n
aspire ;
Prepare, she cries,—prepare to meet the
blest,
And join your SALLY in eternal rest.

On the Author's leaving BATH and going to
WINCHESTER, NOV. 13, 1779.

ALAS! 'tis done, I can no longer stay,
For Tuesday morn will hurry me
away,

F 3

From

From BATH,—from friends whose friend-
ship I revere,

Friends—most disint'rested and sincere ;

I bid them all adieu ! and go alone,

To a strange place, unknowing and un-
known.

I know your kindest wishes me attend,

And in this place may raise to me a friend.

I go,—but some, alas ! from whom I
part,

Like a kind parent lie within my heart,

And cou'd I know we part, to meet no more,

I wou'd each thought of parting now give
o'er.

My tears prevent,—why do mine eyes
o'er-flow,

And why my heart such poignant sorrow
know ?

But

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 55

But can I,—dare I, unaffected be,
With such unmerited respect to me ?
I nought possess, I nothing can return,
But sure my heart with gratitude shall burn ;
Indelible *their* kindness shall remain,
Nor will I with my passions to restrain.

My pray'rs and tears (would they were
prevalent !)
Shall be to Heav'n by ardent breathing
sent,

That ev'ry wish'd for blessing may descend
On each whom kindness constitutes my
friend ;

May plenty, life, and health with each
remain,

And I be blest to meet you all again.

But should pale Death for either of you
call,

Or fix on me, and force me from you all,
Be

Be this my pray'r, till my frail life is o'er,
 That we may meet on yon celestial shore,
 Where death, and grief, and parting are
 no more.

A Poem, on the Celebration of the Night
 in which Misses W—— and J—— were
 bound Apprentices to Miss H. BATH.

IN love and innocent delight
 We meet to spend this wish'd for night;
 When FLAVIA and SELIME are bound,
 And may their time with peace be crown'd.
 May health and harmony, and love,
 And all the blessings from above,
 Crown ev'ry day kind Heav'n shall give,
 Whilst you shall with fair SILVIA live.

May

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 57

May FLAVIA, and young SELINE too
(As friends consistently may do)
In this each other emulate;
Who shall with knowledge be replete;
Who be most active, most sincere,
Who most in goodness persevere :
And whilst fair SILVIA rules with ease,
Be your ambition still to please.
So peace shall crown your fleeting hours,
Content and happiness be yours.

Written by the Desire of a Lady, On Building of Castles.

BUILDING of Castles did commence,
In days of old, for our defence,
And usually erected were,
Adjacent to the Seat of war ;

Where

Where blood and slaughter did abound,
And drench'd with gore the thirsty ground ;
Where powder, darts, and bullets flew,
Nor one relenting passion knew ;
But winging through the smoke and fire,
Made thousands groan, bleed, and expire.

Castles were built firm and secure,
Wherein some treasure to insure ;
With cells and caverns dark, profound,
And walls impregnable around.
It's direful decorations are
The whole artillery of war ;
Cannons and muskets, swords and bombs,
Hangers and spears, and fifes and drums.
Bullets, and ev'ry fit supply,
Wherewith t'attack the enemy.

Some castles too, of which we hear,
Are fabricated in the air ;

But

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 39

But these are of the mental kind,
The sole construction of the mind.
We in these æther castles ride,
With all the equipage of pride,
And in imagination rise,
Superior monarchs of the skies.
One blast this edifice destroys,
Abortive are our promis'd joys.

Our ministry this castle built,
By which the blood of thousands spilt;
Fancy'd a thousand men or two
Could all AMERICA subdue.
But thrice ten thousand cross'd the main,
A million's in the contest slain.
Yet, ah ! fell castle, direful ill,
AMERICA's un-conqu' red still.

Castles are an imperfect plan,
Of that superior creature,—Man.

The

The body is a castle where,
The most intrinsic treasures are ;
Well fraught with arms for man's defence
As reason, recollection, sense ;
Which if we exercise aright,
Put all our Enemies to flight ;
Spoil Envy with her pois'nous dart,
And wound resentment to the heart ;
Bid Discontent and Anger fly,
And each unruly passion die ;
Subdue Distrust and black Despair,
And substitute Contentment there.
Thus conqu'ring, we superior rise
With shouts of vict'ry to the skies.
Where ev'ry Conqueror is blest,
In Castles of-eternal rest.

The

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 61

The AUTHOR personates the MOTHER
viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W. who
was then in the EAST INDIES.

LO! here the lovely portrait's seen,
But, ah! what oceans roll between;
What tracks of land, and deserts wild,
Divide me from my darling child!
Carnage, and Death triumphant reign,
Storms rise, and thunders roar in vain,
Nor rocks, nor racks, nor wars deter,
The dear, the bold Adventurer;
Disdaining affluence, peace, and ease,
He braves the horrors of the seas.

Thou, whose omniscient eye pervades
Celestial heights, and darkest shades,
Surveys at once each point of land,
And holds the ocean in thy hand,

G

Preserve

Preserve this brave advent'rous youth,
And lead him to the paths of truth ;
Still o'er his ev'ry thought preside,
And bid his soul in thee confide.
Preserve him, till each danger's o'er,
And land him on his native shore ;
Then our exulting hearts shall raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

Written to an AUNT, accompanied with
Two ELEGIES.

MADAM, your Niece resumes her pen,
And writes to her dear Aunt again ;
That you may see her weak attempts,
Humbly two Elegies presents.
Begs you will kindly them accept
With this precaution—don't expect
Any

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 63

Any great worth in them to see,
For they were wholly made by me.
Tho' quite imperfect, don't refuse
The labours of a Female's Muse.
But kindly each defect pass o'er,
Your niece JANE CAVE will ask no more.

On seeing Lady P— at a Place of Worship.

MY slighted Muse long time had flown,
And great disgust to me had shewn;
But yesterday she call'd again,
And forc'd me to resume my pen.

“ Behold ! she said, yon lovely face,
“ Which Nature form'd with so much grace,
“ Riches and honours are her own,
“ And social comforts yet unknown,
“ Prudence, that lov'd tho' humble guest,
“ Erects a throne within her breast.

“ When

“ When plac’d within the House of Pray’r,
“ She recollected GOD was there ;
“ Tho’ Levity was by her side,
“ She with a sweet becoming pride,
“ Rebuk’d the fair,—devoutly sat,
“ Nor once presum’d to laugh or chat :
“ For well she knew ’twould sink her down
“ Below the level of a Clown.
“ That titles only aggrandize,
“ And bid us as superiors rise,
“ In just proportion as they’re join’d,
“ Unto a great ennobled mind ;
“ Who, with a proper, humble grace,
“ Demeans herself in ev’ry place,
“ Such is the fair of whom I speak,
“ For whom I did this visit make.”
Thus spake my Muse, then took her flight
In æther, and out soar’d my sight.

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 63

P O E M S

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY of the DEAD.

On the Death of Mr. BRADFORD, an eminent Gardener in BRISTOL, July, 1774.

WHERE are those wonted feet, O tell
me where!

That to this garden did so oft repair?

Behold! I search, but ah! I search in vain

Alas! no traces of them here remain.

Ye plants and flow'rs, come tell me if
you can,

Where is the good, laborious, faithful man,

G 3

Who

Who daily view'd you with discerning
eye,

Wou'd ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fault espy ?

Nect'rines and peaches, apricots and all

Ye pleasant fruits, that are within my call,

Where are those hands, that with an artful
care

Oft prun'd your trees, knew when to prune,
and where ?

Hot-house and green-house, next I ask of
you,

But ye unwilling are to tell me too.

Of ev'ry plant, and tree, and flow'r I ask,

But none will undertake the painful task,

The truly fatal, pensive news to tell,

To say their friend has took his long
farewel,

For all his loss, in silent grief deplore,

Their

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 67

Their looks proclaim that BRADFORD is no
more.

No more, methinks they say; we see our
friend,

Who weeks, and months, and years with
us did spend;

Who planted us, and set us first to grow,
Transplanted us, and mov'd us to and fro.

Us to improve, was BRADFORD's chief de-
light,

His work by day, and study too by
night.

Before the rising of yon radiant sun,
Each morn our friend his daily work begun.
Yea, oft with fair Aurora he would rise,
For us the soft alluring bed despise.

Now no such care and constancy we find,
Alas! his equal is not left behind.

Whilst

Whilst thus the pensive flow'rs his worth
repeat,

The plants and trees their cries reverberate ;
And I'll their authenticity attest.

His worth and merit were by all confest,
He was labor'ous, careful, wise, and good,
Each plant and tree minutely understood.
He was,—but ah ! I'll not recount his praise,
'Twill not allay our grief, but sorrow raise ;
For now he is no more, but borne away,
From realms of sorrow, to celestial day.
Propitious Heav'n beheld, and mov'd with
love

Kindly remov'd him hence to realms above,
And when he found his dissolution nigh,
He said, “ Come, wife, sit down, and see
me die.”

Serene and calm he bow'd his peaceful head,
Without a groan the willing spirit fled.
And

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 69

And when this transitory life is o'er,
O may his part'ner gain the happy shore,
Triumphant in a flaming car ascend,
And ever dwell with her departed friend!

On the Death of Mrs. MATHERY, of BRECON.

AND can it be? and is her spirit fled?
Is dear OPHELIA number'd with the
the dead?

Are all the days of her probation past?

And is her die unalterably cast?

Heart piercing thought—Flow tears from
ev'ry eye,

While ev'ry bosom rises with a sigh.

What goodness, prudence, wisdom, laid in
dust!

Ah! Who the greatest Potentate can trust!

Where

Where's he! could I each mortal's name re-
hearfe,

Who pow'r hath gain'd this sentence to re-
verfe.

Obdurate King—Insatiable Death!

Who thus a period puts to mortals breath;
By thy rude hand no deference is paid,
Greatness with indigence in dust is laid;
Destruction is essential to thy name,
And all thy direful acts thy pow'r pro-
claim.

What hopes are spoil'd? What near connec-
tions broke,

By this thy sudden unrelenting stroke?

The life destroy'd, the valuable life

Of mistress, sister, daughter, mother, wife.

See her domestics who her goodness knew,
Pour forth the tribute to her merit due,

While

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 71

While weeping sisters bath'd in tears remain,
And fighting brothers scarce their grief
sustain.

While tender, aged Parents' hearts o'erflow,
Nor joy, nor rest, nor consolation know.

While duteous children, sent her by the Lord,
In fruitless tears the mournful day record.

And then behold, but ah! what heart can
guess

The grief profound, the depth of that distress,
Which seiz'd at once the partner of her bed,
When told his wife, his other self was dead?
Trembling methinks, with ev'ry thought
amaz'd,

Astonish'd at the messenger he gaz'd!

The vital stream congeals in ev'ry vein,

While scarcely spirits, strength, or life re-
remain.

Anxious

Anxious at once the whole dread scene to
know;

Yet dreads to hear what will increase his woe.
At length inform'd—delug'd in grief he lies,
Nor hopes redress, but from his weeping
eyes.

He calls the friendly tear to ease his grief,
But these recoil, nor deign to give relief.

Thus with an heart o'erborne and spirits broke,
He sinks beneath th'intolerable stroke.

He ruminates—at length the silence breaks,
And thus methinks, in pensive accents speaks;

Alas ! for me, my happier days are o'er,

I hear the voice—behold the face no more
Of her my friend, my best lov'd, my wife,

The joy, support, and comfort of my life;

The tender mother of my progeny,

The prudent mistress of my family;

How

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 73

How many useful years might she have
Spent,
To bless those children, which by Heav'n are
Sent,
To guide their feet, inculcate filial fear,
While ev'ry look maternal love did bear?
Her care judiciously, rul'd all within;
When I, for weeks and months, have absent
been.
My help-mate she, who with superior grace
Adorn'd the mistress, wife, and mother's
place.
Thus mourns her spouse, while numbers
swell the cry,
Her death demands a tear from ev'ry eye.
In her the poor and wretched found a friend,
On her did for their chief support depend.
Blest with a noble, free, and gen'rous heart,
In her mean avarice could claim no part.
A H And

And now 'twould be but just, if in return
 A flood of tears were pour'd upon her urn :
 While all whose grievances she did redress,
 Her name and memory for ever bless.

On the Death of Mrs. BLAKE, of CROCK-
 HORN, who died in a Week after being
 safely delivered of the sixth Child.

WHAT eye forbids a tear, what heart
 a sigh ?

Fly some auspicious Angel, quickly fly !
 The stroke is too severe for man to bear,
 If some celestial comfort be not there.

How anxiously the lov'd EUSEBIUS stands,
 To Heav'n in pray'r lifts up his ardent
 hands,

That when the trying period shall arrive,
 The dear AMATA be preserv'd alive.

At

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 75

At length the hour advances, Heav'n seems
kind,

And lo ! a lovely infant soon we find ;
The dear maternal friend bids fair for life,
And the fond husband views his lovely wife,
The living mother of a living child,
And all the husband, all the father smil'd ;

Joy fills his heart, love sparkles in his eyes,
And each foreboding thought before him dies.

His grateful heart ascends in praise to Heav'n,
Whose goodness had this double blessing giv'n,
Each friend congratulates the happy pair,
And wishes in their mutual joy to share.

Life smiles on all, no trouble seems t'annoy,
But ah ! sad change—How transient is the
joy ?

Each heart where gladness sat—beneath the
stroke

Sinks to despair, and all it's comfort's broke

Her face, which yielded pleasure and delight,
 At once turns pale and solemn as the night;
 Gloom spreads around, her Sun withdraws
 his rays,
 And sets in the meridian of her days.
 She meekly yields, sinks from the fondest
 arms,
 She dies!—and with her die a thousand
 charms.
 In her the most endearing wife is dead,
 The tenderest mother from her children fled,
 The courteous neighbour, faithful friend
 she prov'd,
 In life by all respected and belov'd,
 By all lamented when from life remov'd.
 Earth seem'd unworthy of her longer stay,
 And Heaven receiv'd her to celestial day;
 There she beholds the glories of her Lord,
 And all her virtues meet a full reward.

On

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 77

On the Much Lamented DEATH of the
Rev. Mr. WHITFIELD, who died in
NEW ENGLAND, Sept. 30, 1770.

WHY doth all Nature wear an awful
gloom?

And why, alas! exults yon distant tomb?

Why doth a sable cloud the sky o'er-spread?

WHITFIELD alas! seraphic WHITFIELD'S
dead,

The Friend, the Christian, the approv'd
Divine,

The Saint in whom the life of God did shine.

The Man whom Heav'n ordain'd to preach
for all,

And thousands by his ministry to call;

The Lord did chuse him in his youthful
days,

To speak his glory and set forth his praise.

Mov'd by Celestial love, did undertake,
The ministry alone for JESU's sake.
His tongue was touch'd with evangelic fire,
And Heav'nly raptures did his soul inspire.
Then forth into the World this Herald came,
Resolv'd to propagate IMMANUEL's name;
To set his glory forth from pole to pole,
Were the capacious breathings of his soul.
He loudly did the Gospel trumpet sound,
Whilst thousands trembl'd as they stood a-
round,
Proclaim'd the suff'rings of a dying God,
Invited finners to his pard'ning blood,
Enforc'd to all the great necessity
Of knowing this—"The Saviour dy'd for
me."
Thus was our nation blest'd with Gospel
truth,
Boldly deliver'd by this chosen Youth,
Who

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 79

Who with an heart inflam'd with JESU's love,
Caus'd GOD to pour his blessings from above,
But did this Champion for the living GOD,
Appear in England only, to do good?
No, no, his gracious Captain points his way
Beyond the seas, and Whitfield must obey.
For in his Maker's will he did rejoice,
Was all attention to his sacred voice.
When JESUS bade o'er raging seas to pass,
Through vast AMERICA to sound his grace,
There, like an Herald for the bleeding
Lamb,

He went, and did the Negroes souls inflame,
Shew'd Ethiopians their Redeemer nigh,
To cleanse their spotted souls from deepest
dye.

In such pathetic accents mov'd his tongue,
As rent and broke the very heart of stone.

Thus

Thus did he sound his maker's praise abroad,
A lab'rer in the vineyard of his God.

But now, alas ! his labours are all o'er,
The fields do eccho with his voice no more ;
No more from his dear English friends he
parts,

No more returns to animate their hearts ;
But leaves ten thousand thousands to deplore
The death of him, who lives to die no more.

Let things inanimate his worth proclaim !

And shout from sea to sea his wond'rous
name !

O ye nocturnal luminaries tell,

What love for souls did in his bosom dwell ?

Say, say what nights this advocate with

God

Spent wrestling to avert th'impending rod.

Let fair AURORA in her turn declare,

How he preceded her by praise and pray'r.

Let

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 81

Let churches, chapels, tabernacles tell,
Who'er within their walls did him ex-
Let counties, cities, towns, and streets pro-
claim,

How faithfully he did the truth maintain.

Say winds and waves, how oft the Saint ye
toss'd,

When he for God the great Atlantic cross'd
And let the Continent abroad begin,

To tell what heav'nly news he there did
bring,

How he explain'd the love of Jesus's heart,
'Till sinners with their ev'ry sin did part.

Hell trembl'd when this god-like man arose,
And all its tortures commensur'd his foes.

Say, Prince Infernal, how chang'd thy ire
When Jesus did his Whitfield's soul inspire.

When like a flaming Seraph round he flew,
Thy works, thy cause, thy kingdom o'erthrew.

Say,

Say ye celestial Angels, how ye fled,
On willing wings, to guard his favour'd
head.

Say, ev'ry Saint, how did your hearts rejoice,
When ere ye heard the sound of W—'s voice;
Well might each bosom sigh, each Christian
weep,

When this seraphic herald fell asleep.
But could we quit these tenements of clay,
And soar aloft into celestial day,
There faithful Whitfield may at once be
found,

With an eternal wreath of glory crown'd,
And shouting loud Hosannahs to that God,
Who made him more than conqueror thro'
his blood.

May we, like him, each breath for JESUS
spend,

Like Whitfield persevere unto the end,
Like

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 83

Like him sail through this life's tempestuous
sea,

Fight the good fight, and gain the victory.
That when the last tremendous trump shall
found,

We in the wedding garment may be found,
With Angels, Saints, and favour'd Whitfield
meet,

And ever worship at IMMANUEL's feet;
There sing the wonders of redeeming love,
With all the blood-bought company above.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. HOWELL
HARRIS, who died JULY 21, 1783.

WHAT pensive, solemn, doleful tidings
found?

All ZION's sons will deeply feel the wound!

A

A brother, friend, a father dear is gone !
 HARRIS is dead ; his crown of glory's won !
 What tongue can tell, what hand can paint
 the loss
 Of one so steady under JESU'S cross ?

Hail, happy Soul ! thy mourning days
 are o'er,

Inhabitant of mortal flesh no more !
 No more shall pain and anguish thee confine,
 Nor on a dying-bed thy head recline ;
 No more shall sin oppress thy righteous soul,
 Nor grief come near, while endless ages roll.
 No more (when glows thy heart with pure
 desire)

Thou'lt feel the force of persecution's fire.
 No more, with what is worse, shalt thou be
 try'd,
 By vain Professors setting thee aside.

Advanc'd

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 85

Advanc'd beyond their frowns, beyond their
praise,

HARRIS with Angels tunes his grateful lays.

He sits with all those radiant hosts above,

And swims in seas of pure celestial love.

He meets his blessed partner, gone before,

They meet to praise their God, and part no
more.

She like a brilliant diamond appears,

And helps to decorate the crown he wears.

Not her alone, but thousands more there be,

Whom God awaken'd by his ministry.

How gloriously he shines;—what mean
these sighs?

Why flow these torrents from our languid
eyes?

But ah! we weep, that he from us should
part,

Who so minutely trac'd the sinner's heart;

I And

Who all the reasonings therein disclos'd,
 And all the Devil's stratagems expos'd ;
 The man whom God first rais'd (in his
 youth)

In WALES, to propogate the Gospel truth,
 He set his brow as brais, no flesh he fear'd,
 Essential truth he faithfully declar'd.

His grace, and knowledge, numbers to him
 drew,

They to his house, lik'd doves to windows, flew,
 Thousands he caus'd, by the great pow'r of
 God,

To part with sin, and fly to Jesu's blood.
 He spake nor did his works his words deny,
 He liv'd each day, as tho' that day to die:

O Moon, and Stars, who make the dark-
 ness light;

Tell us how oft he groan'd to God by night:
 Say, rising Sun, yea tell us dawning day,
 How soon he left his bed, to praise and pray:
 Say

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 87

Say walls, and closets, ev'ry secret place,
How oft he supplicated God for grace,
How oft he with his blessed Lord did meet,
And fill'd with love, bow'd at his sacred feet
Say, thou infernal Prince, how thou didst

rage,
When HARRIS did against thy cause engage;
And let thine emissaries here proclaim,
That mov'd by thee, they vilify'd his name.
Say ye blest Angels, how dispatch'd from
God,

To guard him round on ev'ry side ye stood.
Say Sinners say, how oft with warm desire,
He warn'd you to escape eternal fire.

Let towns, and streets, houses, and fields
proclaim,
His constant ardour for his Jesu's name.
Then let each Christian with a secret sigh,
Reverberate TREVECKA's pensive cry.

Let ev'ry heart lift up a fervent pray'r,
That old ELIJAH's mantle may be there.
That God from age, to age, may carry on,
Th' amazing work which HARRIS hath begun.

That all who shall that Saint of God succeed,
Like him, may prove true Israelites indeed.

Not all the pow'rs of hell could him dismay,

He to the end pursu'd the narrow way.
The paths of peace incessantly he trod,
Then dy'd exulting in his Saviour God.
His spirit catholic was friend to all,
Who Jesu's image bore, and name did call,
A mighty conqu'ror as in life in death,
Cry'd vict'ry, vict'ry, to his latest breath,
And tho' his body felt most poignant smart,
He said "the dear Redeemer keeps my heart,"

And

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 8,

And when the great I AM shall burn the
skies,

And bid unnumber'd Worlds to Judgment
rise,

Then HARRIS by his Lord shall be confest,
And soul, and body, enter into rest,

Return triumphant to his destin'd Throne,
And dwell with God, in extacies unknown.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. WATKINS,
of LANURSK, in the County of BRECON,
who died the 9th of Jan. 1774.

*Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my latter
End be like his.*

ALAS! what mournful tidings strike my
soul!

Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, my passions now con-
troul,

WATKINS is gone—is number'd with the
dead!

And all his loving partner's joys are fled !
Now all his words affectionate and kind,
And ev'ry look, is recent on her mind,
She views the token * of their mutual love,
And weeps there is no Father to reprove,
Who wisely rul'd with a paternal care,
And in her joys and griefs a part did bear.
Thus waves of grief across her bosom roll,
And fill with deep distress her pensive soul !

But she alone doth not sustain the loss,
For ev'ry lover of the Saviour's cross,
With whom he did in Christian union meet,
The death of WATKINS greatly must regret.
In him they lost a brother and a friend,
On whom for counsel sage they might de-
pend :

* A Child about six years old.

A

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 91

A kind reprover, but with all sincere,
Kind to the finner, to the fin severe.
To speak essential truths he did not shun,
Not partial to the great, ———
A faithful Monitor and Father he,
For gifts unequall'd in society ;
A public Lab'ror, zealous for his God,
Who pointed finners to the Saviour's Blood.
A blessed instrument thro' God hath been,
Of calling numbers from the paths of sin.
Belov'd of God, he did in God confide,
For " By his works his Faith was justifi-
fy'd."

Each truly Christian grace in him was found ;
Oh ! cruel Death why didst thou give the
wound,

Why didst thou not permit his useful days ;
Who only liv'd to sound his Maker's praise ?

But

But, ah ! 'tis nature speaks, let Faith arise
 And view the Saint ascending to the skies ;
 His Lord for glory made his servant meet,
 Then call'd him hence to worship at his feet,
 Hark ! how the Heav'nly Choir began to
 sing,

A song of praise, when WATKINS enter'd in,
 To see another of the Blood-bought race,
 Return'd from sorrow, glory to embrace.
 But oh ! what extacies his soul possess'd,
 When he beheld the glories of the bless'd !
 When he beheld, without a veil between,
 What once as through a glass was darkly
 seen !

His glorious Lord, in all his God-like
 charms !

And heard him, bid him welcome to his
 arms.

“ Come

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 93

“ Come my belov’d by purchase thou art
mine,

“ Be Life, eternal Life for ever thine.”

Thus fares the Saint, who while he dwelt
below,

A world of sin and pain and grief did know,
Now he beholds among the ransom’d few,
Those whom he lately in the body knew,
Who just before him gain’d the happy shore,
With joy they meet their Jesus to adore.
No nonessentials there the Saints dispute,
Nor will they wish each other to confute,
Their only strife, who loudest shall proclaim
The matchless glory of the slaughter’d Lamb
Who has redeem’d us by his precious Blood
And made us Kings, and Priests, and sons of
God.†

Children of God, who now the body wear,
Are not your hearts now panting to be there?

† Rev. i, 5, 6. Are

Are not your very inmost souls on fire,
 Thus to be chanting with the heav'nly choir?
 Your spirit thus releas'd and soar away,
 To dwell with WATKINS in eternal day.

Who would not like our lov'd EUSEBIUS die
 Who when he found his dissolution nigh,
 More than a conqu'ror thro' his Saviour's
 Blood,

Could say "my life is hid with CHRIST in
 God!"

Commending all to Jesu's special grace,
 He sweetly bow'd his dying head in peace.

Oh! why should we the death of Saints
 deplore

And mourn as tho' they dy'd to live no
 more?

Henceforth forbear to weep, but strive to
 raise

Our feeble powers in God our Saviour's
 praise. But

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 95

But tho' each Christian's heart might well
rejoice,

When thus by death they hear their sover-
eign's voice,

Let careless sinners aliens from their God,
Who never knew the worth of Jesu's Blood,
With horror tremble, when in tender love
They hear the Saviour call his Saints above :
For when the last * elect is gather'd in
Adieu ! to all the advocates for sin,

Adieu ! to ev'ry pleasure, sport, and game,
Except they find them in the gen'ral flame,
'Then those who oft' the good have vilify'd
Shall be by God eternally deny'd.

When WATKINS in the number of the just,
Shall find admittance, with a "Come ye
blest,"

" Enter the Kingdom, I prepar'd for you

" Ere earth or sea their first existence knew.

Math. xx, iv. 31.

On

On the Death of the Author's Mother,
Mrs. CAVE, of BRECON, who died
Feb. 6, 1777.

*And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me. Write,
Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from
henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest
from their Labours; and their works do follow them.*

REV. xiv. 13.

'T IS done,—'tis GOD has call'd her—I
submit,
And humbly own that best which he thinks
fit.

But ah ! when first I heard the direful news,
My wounded soul all comfort did refuse,
I heard—I felt—I sunk beneath the stroke,
With very grief my vital spirits broke.
I view'd the dear lov'd face, consign'd to
death, And

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 97

And heard her blefs me with her parting
breath.

My heart was full, and in my grief I cry'd,
Oh ! that I had with my dear Mother dy'd,
A thouſand of her foft endearing words
Flew to my mind, and pierc'd my heart
like ſwords.

She gave me birth, and more than twenty
years,

I've been the object of her anxious cares.

Through helpſſ infancy ſhe fav'd from
harms,

And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.

She ſympathiz'd in all my pain and grief,

And would have borne it all for my relief.

And is that precious life for ever o'er ?

And ſhall I know maternal love no more ?

In vain this vaſt terreſtrial ball I trace,

I view no more that lovely, deareſt face :

No more her tender, Chriſtian letters ſee,

Noꝝ hear how oft ſhe wept, and pray'd for me.

K

O

O worst of days, that has bereft of life,
So dear a Mother, and so lov'd a Wife.
Where shall I go to ease my burthen'd heart ?
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a
part ?

Alas ! there's none—O let me weep and sigh !
I'll mourn, and wail my loss until I die !

Thus Nature felt, and spoke ; for Reason
fled,

And Faith, and Hope, lay bury'd with the
dead ;

But there's a God, a never-failing friend,
Whose pity, love, and goodness know no end :

I knew him such, I to his footstool flew,
And found his promises were firm and true.

He heard my sad complaint, he gave relief,
And bade me rise superior to my grief.

Hush—Nature—then I cry'd, nor more
complain,

She only left a world of grief and pain,

To

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 59

To enter mansions of eternal rest,
To live, and reign with God for ever blest.
How patient in affliction, how resign'd,
How meet for glory was her peaceful mind!
She welcom'd Death, and said, *LORD,*
quickly come,

And take me hence, I long to be at home.

She blest her house, and bid them cease to
weep,

Then, with a smile, in CHRIST, she fell
asleep.

Hail then, dear Saint, in thy immortal joy!

In bliss superlative, without alloy.

Live with thy God, nor let my partial mind

E'er with thy stay from joys so unconfin'd;

But let my grateful heart in praise ascend

To that all-gracious, all-victorious friend,

Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the

end.

EPITAPHS.

On a YOUNG MAN who died Three Days
after he was married.

ALL flesh is grass—Important truth !
Nor dare we boast of health or youth,
The nuptial bed I scarce had trod,
Ere summon'd forth to meet my God,
Compell'd to leave my weeping Bride,
Sunk from her tender arms, and dy'd.

Another

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 101

Another, On a YOUNG LADY

BEHOLD ye thoughtless young and gay,
What I am now, ye shortly may.
I preach whilst here I mould'ring lie,
And this my text—*Prepare to die!*

Another on an AMIABLE WIFE.

SHE's gone!—The dear companion of
my bed,
And with her ev'ry earthly bliss is fled;
An empty world, is all I now can boast,
With her my ev'ry wish and joy was lost.

P O E M S

ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. R———D
read the Morning Service and preach in
ST. THOMAS'S Church, WINCHESTER.

WHEN plac'd within the consecrated
Ile,

In pensive solitude I sat awhile ;

At length with all the grace that Heav'n in-
spires,

All that solemnity the Church requires,

Began

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 103

Began the sacred order of the day :
The Reverend R——— did each truth
convey,

With such an emphasis as must impart
A sacred pleasure to each pious heart,
With such a cadence he dismiss'd each clause,
As shou'd enforce, a God's eternal laws.

Not as some Priests, who run o'er ev'ry
pray'r,

As tho' no truth, or soul, or God were there.
The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,
And unaffected leaves the Church again ;
While lesser truths deliver'd on the stage,
Or even fictions, will each mind engage,
Because the player labours through his part,
To claim attention, and affect the heart.

If in a tragic character he moves,
And treats of deaths, or disappointed loves,

Then

Then all the horrors consequent on death,¹
Dart from his eyes, and speak in ev'ry breath.
Does he th'afflicted lover personate,
Then all that softer passion can create,
Solicitude—love—anguish—grief—despair;
Yea ev'ry sigh, and languid look is there,
Till each spectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,
And thus concludes this scene of fancy'd woe.

But truth's eternal, sacred, and divine,
Where goodness, majesty, and justice shine;
Yea truths on which our future hopes de-
pend,

Truths which the most exalted mind tran-
scend;

That awful tragedy in which a God
Pray'd, agoniz'd, and bath'd the ground
with blood;

That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,
Nor wou'd his crucifying Maker view;

That

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 105

That love,—stupendous love,—surpassing
thought,

Which paid our ransom, tho' so dearly
bought.

These truths sublime the audience coldly
hear,

Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;

While at the play each bosom heaves a sigh,

Lo! in the Church unmov'd they sit,—But
why?

The Priest to whom the Embassy is giv'n,

Who is the high Ambassador for Heav'n.

Treats sacred truth with cold indifference,

As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.

Celestial themes, that move a Seraph's lyre,

Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;

While the wise Actor aims by his address,

Each fiction as undoubted truth t'impres.

Would

Would those Divines, whom love cannot
induce,

Whose languid hearts no ardor can diffuse,
(Whose feet, perhaps, the church wou'd
ne'er frequent.

If not inspir'd by her emolument) ;

Would even gain instruction from the stage,
By any means their audience to engage.

Lest months and years should run their ample
round,

And when the Master comes, no fruit be
found.

No prodigal brought home, no sin subdu'd,
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind re-
new'd.

All's barren ground, when an incensed God,
Will from the Priest require his people's
blood.

An

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 109

AN HYMN in Time of OPPOSITION.

O LORD a poor despised few,
Once more together meet;
Distill on each thy heav'nly dew,
And lay us at thy feet.

May each as the elect of God,
Bowels of mercy know;
And as the purchase of thy blood,
In all thy foot-steps go.

Give us thy spirit, gentle, mild,
To teach us, Lord, that when
We are like thee, by man revil'd,
Not to revile again.

And if we suffer for thy cause,
O let us not repine,

But

But simply talk, and bear thy Cross,
And prove that we are thine.

Let no opposing spirit reign,
But let us, through thy grace,
From all religious wars refrain,
And follow after peace.

Thus let us by our works of love,
Constrain our foes to say,
"We only seek our home above,
And tread the narrow way."

Another HYMN.

COME thou all prevailing Spirit,
Come and teach me how to pray,
Intercede for JESU's merit,
Wash and take my sins away.

How

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 209

How much need of that attonement,
Hath a guilty soul like me ?
Who am not one fleeting moment,
From some simple passion free.

Sin, where e'er I go, I find it,
Find it woven in my heart;
To thy cross, O Jesus! bind it,
Sin destroy, and grace impart:
Sin, like weeds, for ever springing,
Doth the soil throughout defile;
All my life's a life of finning,
Oh! I'm viler than the vile

Yes, I sin in ev'ry action,
Sin in ev'ry word and thought;
I can't pray without distraction,
Sin, on all I do is wrote.

When I, to my closet enter,
Seeking peace, in Jesu's blood,

L

Swift,

Swift, as thought, intrudes the Tempter,
Drives, or draws, my heart from God.

Thus while I am prostrate lying,
While my lips, in prayer move,
While, with seeming ardour crying,
For redemption, from above ;
Lo ! I find, at that dread instant,
My vain heart is rov'd away,
Wander'd off, on something distant,
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abash'd, I silent wonder,
Why is such a rebel spar'd ?
Why not cast amongst that number,
In eternal chains reserv'd ?
Then with shame and joy confounded,
I exult in sovereign grace,
Grace which hath to me abounded,
Me, the worst of ADAM's race.

Lord,

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 111

Lord, if I forget to praise thee,

Let my tongue forget to move ;

JESU, to thy likeness raise me,

Let me all thy goodness prove ;

Let my guilt be now absolved,

My whole nature sanctify,

Lord, I long to be dissolved,

Make me meet, and let me die.

On the First GENERAL FAST after the
Commencement of the late War.

WHEN direful judgments pour in like
flood,

And fields, alas ! are drench'd with human
blood,

When armies after armies prostrate lie,

And brother, by his brother's hand must die,

When kingdoms seem to rise, or empires
fall,

One great Omnipotent conducts it all,
And those have but a superficial scan,
Who view no higher origin than Man.

Be still, methinks I hear JEHOVAH cry,
Be still before your GOD, and know 'tis I!
'Tis I make peace, and I create stern war,
And ride to battle in my flaming car,
I guide the bullet, point the glittering sword,
Defeat, or conquest, wait my awful word.
But do I pleasure in destruction take,
Or have your sins not bid the sword awake?
Do not a nation's sad offences call
For national calamities to fall?

Great Sov'reign Lord, we own thy judgments just,
And hide our guilty faces in the dust;

Rejoice

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 113

Rejoice to hear a day is sanctify'd
T' implore thy aid, and humble BRITAIN'S
pride.

But may we not in this incur the rod,
And make a solemn mockery of GOD?
T' abstain from food, to take our prayer-
books,

And walk to Church with evangelic looks;
To bend the knee, or move the lips in
pray'r,

If all the heart be not engaged there,
Is empty shew, a poor external part,
While GOD, the Omniscient GOD, demands
the heart;

And should we fail in this grand sacrifice,
The whole will be offensive in his eyes.

Descend, celestial dove, with holy fire,
And pure devotion ev'ry soul inspire.

May vital pray'r, express'd by ardent sighs,
 Ascend to God, and penetrate the skies.
 Let all the nation thus with fasting turn,
 And heart sincere, their past transgressions
 mourn;
 Then is eternal truth engag'd to bless,
 And crown our just petitions with success.

The Author being requested on a Sunday
 Evening, by a Company of gay Ladies, to
 write a few Lines of POETRY instantane-
 ously, she accordingly presented them
 with the following.

WHEN you, good Ladies, bid me write,
 My drowsy Muse had took her flight,
 But ere she reach'd her mossy bed,
 I gave a call, and back she fled.

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 115

I humbly ask'd her what to say,
She answer'd—"On a sabbath day,
" If you presume to write a line,
" Be careful that it is divine,
" For know that ev'ry word and thought
" Shall be to strictest judgment brought,
" And what is now transacted here,
" Shall to unnumber'd worlds appear ;
" When Earth shall from her center fly,
" And stars desert the blazing sky,
" When frightened souls in vain shall call
" For rocks and hills on them to fall.
" Then let this day and night be spent,
" As in that day you'll not repent."

On

A Poem, occasioned by hearing prophane
Curfing and Swearing.

AND can we wonder, if the sword
Is plung'd in Brothers blood?
If threat'ning vengeance flies around
From a tremendous God.

When daring finners thus presume
His anger to provoke,
When daily with impunity
His dread command is broke.

What hath eternal truth declar'd,
None guiltless shall remain,
Who swears by ought in Heav'n or Earth,
Or takes his name in vain.

Yet imprecations fill our streets,
And bold blasphemers dare

Invoke

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 117

Invoke damnation from above,

And by JEHOVAH swear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,

Omnipotence defies,

Compels a long forbearing God,

In judgment to arise.

What ! trifle with that sacred name,

Whose goodness gives us breath !

Or Justice smites our feeble frame,

And chains us down in Death.

Will not incensed Majesty

In vengeance lift his hand,

And bid deserved judgments fall

On such a guilty land.

O when will finners cease from sin,

And call for blessings down ?

Then shall the sword be sheath'd again,

And laurels deck the crown.

On the Departure of Six Missionaries to
AMERICA, soon after the Death of the
Rev. Mr. W.

WHEN once the soul, arising from the
dead,

Drinks the new wine, and eats the living
bread,

It thirsts, it pants, it prays, for all to taste
This heav'nly banquet, this celestial feast.

The blest ambition this, the pray'r of these,
Who brave the dangers of the boist'rous
seas.

Go heralds, go ! and may the God of
peace

Go with you—guide you—strengthen you
with grace.

Lo !

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 119

Lo ! we commend you to his special care !
Go forth in confidence, your Lord is near.
Nor rocks, nor seas, nor raging billows
dread,

His potent shield shall screen each favour'd
head.

Think how the winds and seas his voice
obey'd

Your sov'reign Lord ! be not by ought dis-
may'd ;

And whilst on board, may JESUS be your
guide,

In calmest seas, and o'er the roughest tide.
So shall each soul 'cross the broad deep sur-
vive,

Till at the port desir'd ye all arrive.

There, like young champions from great
W—— sprung,

Fly round, and gain for CHRIST a num'rous
throng !

W——

W—— called thousands, Jesus to adore !
 But may you call ten thousand thousands
 more !

Go forth like DAVID, with your sling and
 stone,

And bear the world, and sin, and SATAN
 down,

Fight on courageous for your Saviour GOD,
 Nor e'er recoil—attest the truth to blood.

Stand firm, (nor fear the men, or Devils
 frown,

Endure the Cross, and wear the Heav'nly
 Crown,

O blest Americans, how well might ye

Exult with utmost joy, whilst pensive we

Sit sorrowing here, and each to each deplore

Our absent friends perhaps to meet no more.

O blessed God ! do thou our grief sustain,

And let us know we have not heard in vain.

Their

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 121

Their faithful exhortations bring to mind,
And teach us to revere these left behind.
And when this transitory life is past,
O may we meet around thy throne at last.
There, fill'd with love, our gracious God
adore,
And weep, and sigh, and part with friends
no more !

On hearing the TOLLING of a BELL, in a
very unhealthy Spring, when great Num-
bers were carried off.

WHAT do I hear—or fancy that I
hear?

(As long accustom'd to the doleful sound)
The tolling of yon melancholy bell !
Which has for weeks and months incessantly

M

Some

Some dreadful story in my ears proclaim'd,
And with repeated strokes alarm'd the town!

Alas! tis more than fancy—Hark it
strikes!

Yea, more in language most emphatical
It speaks—My inmost soul with horror fills.
What does the dread but true informer say?
What doth it intimate, or what declare?

Not that some valiant chief, mighty in
arms,

Returns, with honour and with conquest
crown'd:

Nor that a noble heir is lately born,
Whose birth makes joyful his glad parents
hearts,

And proves perhaps a bliss to future days:
Nor that the nuptial knot has just been ty'd
Between some happy pair, who mutually
Agree, to spend their future days in love's

Em-

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 123

Embrace—Nor is it what wou'd be less
pleasing,

That some intolerable woe is near,
If an expedient be not quickly found
T' avert, or dissipate th' impending stroke;
For were it thus, each may allay his grief,
And with a peradventure quell the sigh.

But ah! it leaves us not one glimpse of hope,
More than portention in its voice is heard.

It tells us that the fatal dart is fled,
Lodg'd in the vitals, in the heart, or
head

Of some one of the race of fallen Adam:
And that an awful separation's made,
The spirit forc'd from her clay tenement,
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, away she's fled,
To stand before the heart, rein-trying God.
And now her die eternally is cast
In sad perdition, or in endless bliss.

In vain ten thousand arts would now combine,

Ten thousand briny show'rs be pour'd in vain,

Or all the treasures of the Indies brought,
To make the soul resume her wonted seat,
Or actuate th' inanimated clay.

Such is the conquest, such the pow'r of death,

Who daily some new trophy doth erect,
To shew how universally he reigns.

O thou inimitable King of Terrors !

Shall none escape from thy vexatious jaws,
But wilt thou still continue to destroy,

Nor heed what age, what quality, or sex ?

The tender babe, the great, the wise, the good,

The hoary head, the mean, the weak, the vile,

Are

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 125

Are all by thee, alike, reduc'd to dust!
Destruction is essential to thy nature,
And formidable is thy very name.

But oh my soul why ragest thou at death?
He is but the vicegerent of his God.
Nor did he ever give the mortal wound,
Until the fatal mandate had been seal'd,
And sent from the tremendous court of
Heav'n:

And then, indeed, obsequious to his God,
And deaf to all the cries of sinful man,
At once he executes the dread command.
'Tis Heav'n's decree, since thy first parents
finn'd,

(And dost thou at the just decree repine?)
That ev'ry soul of man should pass thro'
death.

So, if thou tracest matters to their source,
That monster Sin was the efficient cause

Of all calamities, of ev'ry death,
Of that for which I now hear yonder knell,
Which brings this secret horror o'er my
heart.

Sinner awake, the deathly signal hear,
Regard it as a monitor to thee !

A gracious call, a special voice from Heav'n !
But ah Death's visits now so frequent are ;
Men laugh at Death, and lightly of him
deem !

Tho' dead in sin, and enemies to God,
They think to meet him with an air of
triumph ;

Nor ever dream, that, at his dread approach,
Ten thousand horrors will at once awake !
Conscience, tho' stifled till that very moment,
Will like some potent prince victorious rise,
And act the part for which it was design'd.
Open the book of records, and arrange

In

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 127

In dread array* before the finner's mind,
Ten thousand times ten thousand past trans-
gressions!

Which had for years as in oblivion laid,
(Then blacken'd with the thought of slighted
grace,)

Will all appear—distract the guilty mind,
And drive the frantic soul to deep despair.

Then with a fearful looking for of death,
She dies—and sinks into the dark abyss,
Nor ever knows a period to her pains.

For still, and still, and still, 'tis “wrath to
come!”

O then vain man, “work while 'tis call'd to
day,”

Bethink thyself, before it be too late,
Fall quickly to soliloquy, and say——
Am I not mortal, like my fellow-creatures?

* A law term, as well as military.

And can I call one inch of time my own,
Or boast myself in the approaching hour ?
With great celerity my moments fly,
Surely my days will shortly find a period !

Suppose it now!—Bring Death's pale
aspect near,
See him and his concomitants advance !
Fancy the well aim'd arrow on the wing,—
Sev'ring thy soul from all terrestrial things !
To stand before the great tremendous Judge,
Whose piercing eye hath taken cognizance
Of ev'ry thought, and word, and act, unjust,
By thee committed, but by thee forgot !
Lo ! the minutest has not miss'd his notice,
Nor slipt the mind of the eternal all.

How stands thy soul affected at the
thought ?

Ah ! is there not a something that recoils

And

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 129

And wishes to postpone the fatal hour?
This argues all is not aright within :
And that if death should find thee as thou
art,

Thou wouldst not die, as doth a bird, or
beast,

Who are annihilated at their death,
But dying, die, and die, and never die.
O then redeem thy time, to JESUS fly,
With speed take shelter in his bleeding
wounds,

Who only takes away Death's poignant sting
And turns the ghastly monster to a friend.
Make sure thy int'rest in the bleeding lamb,
Nor let him rest, until he speaks thee peace,
Then come whatever may, come life or
death,

To live will then be CHRIST, to die be gain.
Death will be more desir'd by thy soul,
Than

Than all the honours that the world bestows :
 For by his friendly hand thou'it part with sin,
 And from a world of sorrow, grief, and pain,
 To the immediate presence of thy God.
 There bask in seas of uncreated bliss !
 In extacies to worms on earth unknown !
 With Angels and Arch-angels, sweetly join,
 To sing the praises of a Triune-God.

An HYMN for CONSECRATION, sung
 at the Opening of the Countess of *Hun-*
tingdon's Chapels in *Brecon, Worcester, &c.*

COME, JESUS ! come, and bless this place !
 'Tis open'd in thy name ;
 Descend with show'rs of heav'nly grace,
 And consecrate the same.

Eternal

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 131

Eternal God, our pray'r attend,
Diffuse thy love around :
As to the burning-bush, descend,
And make it holy ground !

Bid each the man of sin put by !
As Moses did of old
His shoes put off, when he drew nigh
Thy glory to behold.

Lord, let thy glory fill this place,
Yea fill each sinner's heart :
Come thou incarnate Prince of Peace,
And never more depart.

In vain we are assembl'd here,
If JESUS does not come :
Appear, thou bleeding Lamb, appear,
Let ev'ry heart make room !

Within

Within these walls let thousands, Lord,
Thro' grace be born of thee;
And in this place thy name record
'Till time no more shall be.

Now, Saviour, now thy work begin,
Thy potent arm display :
Let some poor rebel dead in sin
Be made alive to day !

Call some poor wand'rer by thy grace,
Who knew thee not before :
So shall we bless thee for this place
When time shall be no more.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS.

AWAKE each heart, rejoice and sing,
Salute the morn that CHRIST our King,
Affumes

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 133

Affumes our flesh and blood ;
Sinners, 'twas life for you and me,
When CHRIST partook our misery,
All hail the Saviour God !

IMMANUEL is the Saviour's name,
Yes GOD with us, O glorious theme !
Shout, shout the news abroad,
With speed the wond'rous tidings tell,
A GOD descends with Man to dwell !
All hail the babe, the GOD !

The great I AM, who all things made,
The world's stupendous pillars laid ;
Earth trembles at his nod :
Him whom eternal ages crown'd,
Is as an helpless infant found :
All hail the Saviour GOD !

O wond'rous! O amazing love!
Which brought the Saviour from above;
'Twas he the vine press trod!
His church's sins on him were laid,
And he the mighty debt hath paid:
All hail the babe, the God!

Bid Satan, self, and sin depart,
Bid Jesus welcome to your heart,
He bore your wond'rous load;
In him the father's reconcil'd,
Well pleas'd alone in Mary's child,
All hail the Saviour God!

In grateful songs your voices raise,
From sea, to sea, resound his praise,
Give, give the Saviour laud;
All Heav'n astonish'd stands, that he
Should deign the son of man to be,
To make us sons of God.

On

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 135

On the GENERAL FAST,

February 8, 1782.

OMNIPOTENT eternal all,
By whom states rise or empires fall,
Whose potent word creates a world,
Or bids it be to atoms hurl'd.

Lord of all Lords, and King of Kings,
Beginning, center, end of things,
Fountain of light, of life, and love,
Through worlds below, and worlds above.

Wond'rous I AM, mysterious word,
Who canst, or draw, or sheath the sword.
We reptiles; who of dust are made,
Presume to supplicate thy aid.

To thee we dedicate this day,
To mourn for sin, to fast and pray !
Thy wond'rous works of old declare
The great effects of fervent pray'r.

Does Moses but in spirit groan,
Lo ! it prevails before thy throne.
The boist'rous waves at once divide,
And form a wall on either side.

Again he lifteth up his hands,
Israel a conqu'ring army stands :
But when his fervent spirit fails,
They fall, and Amaleck prevails.

The Ninevites its influence knew,
And jointly to thy footstool flew :
They mourn, they fast, to Heav'n they cry,
And turn th' impending judgment by.

May

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 137

May we like them confess our sin,
The renovating work begin,
Timely avert thy vengeful rod,
And Jacob-like prevail with God!
Our land, our sinking land protect,
Our king and senators direct,
Our fleets preserve, our armies bless,
And bid the nation shout success!
Our foes, our envious foes annoy,
And all their impious plots destroy.
Let peace her wish'd for banner spread,
And laurels deck our sov'reign's head.

H

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 138

On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— from

PSALM 65, 2.

O thou that hearest Prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

WITH calm attention lo! I heard,
My heart the sage divine rever'd,
While he with holy zeal explain'd
The gracious words his text contain'd.
I'll bid the muse the theme prolong,
And form the substance in a song.

To God the Lord shall man repair
By public and by private pray'r;
Thus humbly his dependance own
On thee, thou infinite, unknown.
Where two or three are met in pray'r,
Lo! God has promis'd to be there;

He's

He's there a present help to blefs,
Crown each petition with fuccels,
Or in his wifer way our wants redrefs.

If warm'd by pure devotion's fire,
We to our clofet fhould retire,
There, unperceiv'd by human eye,
Pour forth to God our plaintive cry,
Or fend before the throne a contrite figh,
Lo! he'll on wings of love defcend,
And to our various wants attend.

Here we may get our hearts renew'd,
And each unruly luft fubdu'd :
Here virtue draw from JESU's blood,
And hold fweet intercourfe with God :
Here we may all our griefs reveal,
Nor one beloved fin conceal ;

For, e'er we fpeak, Omnifcience knows
What all our words and tears difclofe ;

Then

Then some celestial cordial gives,
And lo! the contrite sinner lives.

Not all the wealth the Indies own,
Crowns or the most exalted throne,
Shou'd counterpoise the bliss of pray'r,
When God is by his presence there.
In pray'r's seraphic joys we find,
Which quite transform the earthly mind.
The man who always ere he pray'd,
From the bright path of duty stray'd,
Lo! now he gladly runs therein,
And hates the garments stain'd by sin.

This change is in himself alone,
For changes are to God unknown,
(Fixt as his own eternal name)
To-day and yesterday's the same:
With endless glory to reward
Each humble follower of the Lord;

And

And fixt his purpose to disdain
The soul who will in sin remain,
Who flights the offers of his grace,
And never bows to seek his face.

As soon may man by air exist,
Or brutes without their food subsist;
The feather'd warblers live in flocks,
Or the fin'd tribes amid the woods;
As soon may Satan burn with love,
Or God a fount of envy prove,
As shall the soul to heav'n ascend,
Who without pray'r his days shall end.

When man has misimprov'd his time,
And spent his youth, and health, and
prime,

Only his God to disobey,
When Death advances, he may pray,
But then his pray'r may be in vain,
God justly may his suit disdain;

He

He may, 'tis true, his grace extend,
 And ev'n in death commence his friend;
 So let the dying not despair,
 But oh! let all the living fear;
 For on an awful chance depends
 A world of bliss that never ends.
 God may accept—and he may not—
 He may thy name for ever blot
 Out of his book of life divine,
 And thy sad soul to Hell consign.

Then turn your hearts to health to pray,
 Not let appearances dismay
 Your seeking souls:—Tho' good men die
 On beds of languishment, and die,
 And tho' the wicked seem to rise
 On tow'ring pinions to the skies,
 Think not the just has no reward,
 Or is forgotten by his Lord.

Or

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 143

Or that his wrath does not remain
On those who do his grace disdain :
The wicked lives but to fulfil
The direful measure of his ill ;
Each day still makes the sinner worse,
And life by sin becomes a curse ;
The greater his iniquity,
The more his punishment will be.
The good man dies, leaves earth and pain,
A crown of glory to obtain ;
And if thro' life God try'd his grace,
'Twas but his glory to increase.

Let man before his God be still,
Pray with submission to his will :
If what we ask be for our good,
'Twill not be by our Lord withstood ;
But if he e'er our suit denies,
'Twas wrong—for he's immensely wise.

Nature

Nature wou'd ask for health and rest,
When pain and sickness may be best,
Our drossy nature to refine ;—
If so, be pain and sickness mine.
The chast'ning rod I'll ne'er despise,
'Tis a rich blessing in disguise.

Be thus resign'd and passive found,
In works of holiness abound.
Let ev'ry word, and work, and thought,
Be into strict obedience brought ;
But here beware of a mistake,
Lest that be fatal which you make.
Think not by this thy Heav'n to gain,
Or all thy righteousness is vain ;
Nought but a Saviour's precious blood
Can give thy soul access to God ;
Nought but his spotless righteousness,
(And not thy works) must be thy dress.

'Twas

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 145

'Twas he that first thy soul inspir'd,
Thy heart with pure devotion fir'd ;
He gave thee faith, and faith's increase, }
Purchas'd thy pardon, seal'd thy peace, }
And bid thee live and grow in grace.
He is the first, and he alone
The last, the great, and corner stone ;
Who builds upon this rock shall stand,
Who builds without it, builds on sand,
And be his fabrick ne'er so tall,
'Twill in the day of trial fall.

Then wou'd you live and learn to die,
Live holy, yet your works decry ;
And only hope a seat above,
Thro' boundless grace and dying love.

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE—thou fin accurst,
Of ev'ry fin pronounc'd the worst;
Detested weed, where e'er thou'rt found
Infernal poison swells the ground.

Christians, who at perfection aim,
Or to its sacred heights attain,
God-like in all they act or say,
Injuries with kindneffes repay.

Heathens, who led by nature's rays,
Nor ever blest with gospel days,
By nature's dictates understood,
'Twere just to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reason ne'er possess,
Can act no higher than a beast,
Led by their own revengeful will,
Will doubtless render ill for ill.

But

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 147

But thou accurst, where e'er thou art,
Conscience will know and point the dart :
Thou who repayest *good* with *evil*,
Art only equall'd by the Devil.

An HYMN for a CHILD who has lost its
FATHER or MOTHER.

O Thou who once didst children bless,
And take them in thy arms,
Defend the infant fatherless,
And guard my feet from harms.

Thou canst the loss of friends supply,
And turn to good each ill ;
Tho' ev'ry friend should fail or die,
Thou art all gracious still.

Thy wisdom and thy pow'r I own,
For all thy ways are just;
The prince thou raisest to his throne,
Or lay'st him down in dust.

May I obey thy sacred word
In these my infant days;
Grow up in all things like my Lord,
And learn to lift his praise.

So shall I find thy promis'd rest,
When this frail life is o'er,
And meet in my dear Saviour's breast
My friends fled hence before.

LOVE,

L O V E,

THE ESSENCE of RELIGION.

NOT every one who crieth Lord,
Or hear, or pray, or preach thy word,
Wilt thou in God-like accents own,
Or hail as partners of thy throne.

What if this sect or that I join,
Believe my party most divine,
Vain will my warmest notions prove,
If absent from my heart, thy love.

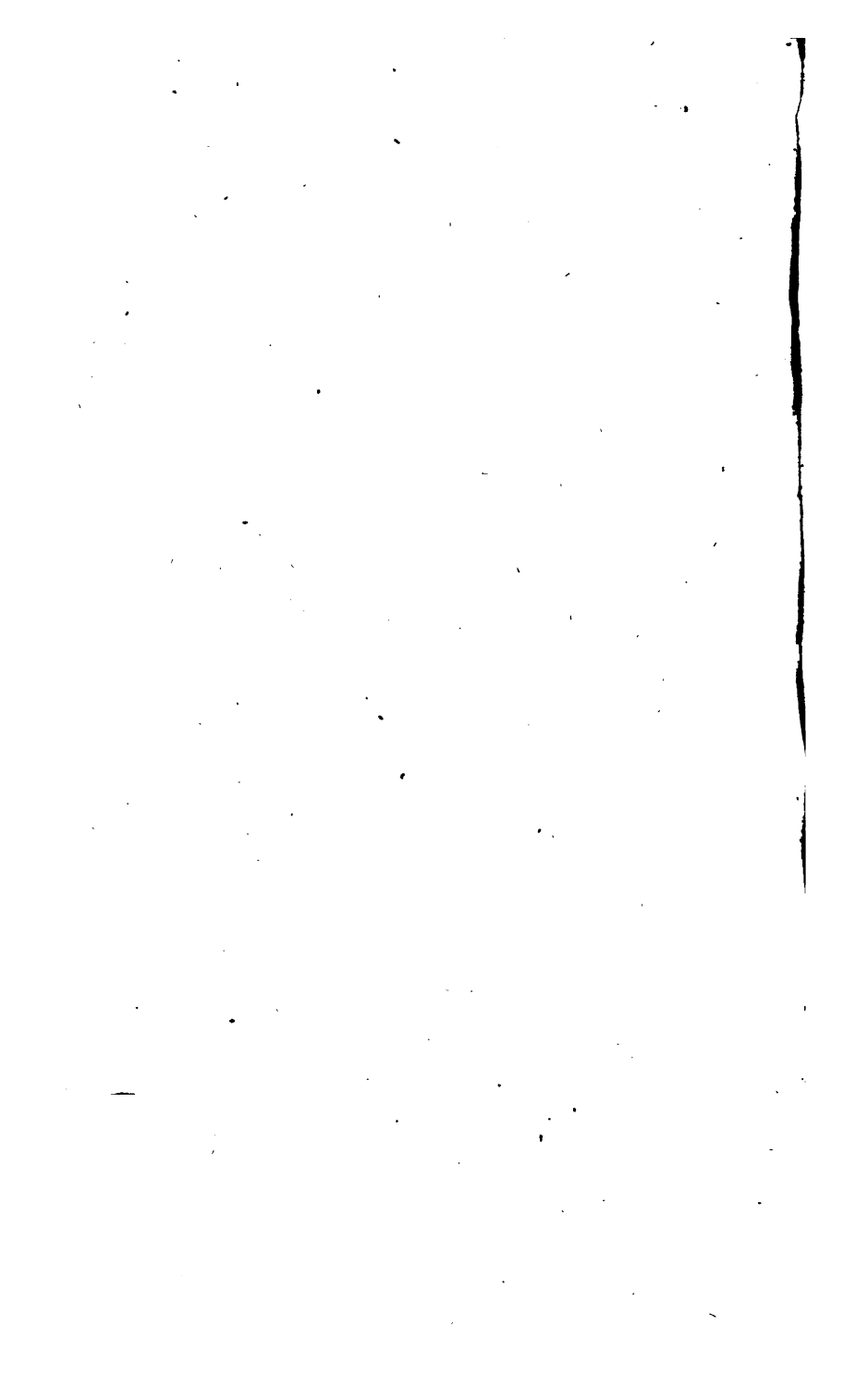
What if with Calvin I agree,
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,
I still remain a child of sin,
If love does not preside within.

Lct

Let bigots for the shell contend,
In idle controversies spend
Their precious time, who zealots fire
And notions (not thy love) inspire.

With me let names and parties fall,
Thy love, my sov'reign God, my all;
The substance this:—Of this possess,
'Mid flaming worlds I stand confest.

F I N I S.



THE NAMES OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

O X F O R D.	
R EV. Mr. Alleyne Rev. Mr. Agutter Mr. Adams Annesley Amphlett Alexander Abbott Aldridge Apperley Mrs. Atterbury Adee Austine Miss Adams	Rev. Mr. Booth Bond Beake Bright Hon. Mr. Bingham Mr. Cha. Burton Burgess Bell Batt Buller Budge Buckerfield Baillie Barton Brooke Beaver Blackmore James Brown Bracher Bosanquet Burn Buttlar Bull Brockman Bennett Batley Wm. Benson J. Bacon
B Rev. Dr. Bathurst, Canon of Christ Church, & Cop. Rev. Dr. Borrough Rev. Mr. Bathurst, 3 copies Burton Barnard Buckland Bradly Barker Barrington Barnes	
N	
	Blandell

146 S U B S C R I B E R S

Mr. Blundell	Mr. Courand
Blackstone, Queen's	Clayton
Coll.	Cobanel
Blackstone, New Coll.	Mrs. Castle
N. Barton	Mrs. Couper
Barrett	D
Mrs. Brodrick	The Lady of the Rev. Dr.
Borrows	Dennis, Vice Chancellor of Oxford.
Miss Burton	The Lady of the Rev. Dr.
C	Dennison, principal of
Rev. Dr. Chapman, President of Trinity Coll.	Mag. Hall
Rev. Mr. Cooke	Rev. Dr. Dixon, principal of
Rev. Dr. Cook	Edmond Hall
Rev. Mr. Crowe	Rev. Mr. Davis, Bal. Coll.
Coke	Davis, Mert. Coll.
Clap	Douglas
Collinson	Mrs. Dewnes
Hon. Mr. Cathcart	Mr. Drummad
Mr. Crawford,	Daintry
Coleman	Dale
Richard Cox	Donne
Chamberlayne	Deedes
J. Copson	Dardigareve
Clavering	Dakin
W. Carr	T. Davis
Coates	Dallaway
Tho. Caldecott, Esq.	Dornford
Mr. Chorley	Davis
Cornish	Davie
Curtis	Devalangin
Cooke	Davis, junr.
Carey	E
Cowley	Rev. Mr. Eveleigh, Provost
Calland	of Oriol Coll.
Caker	Rev. Mr. Edwards
Cartwright	Mrs. Etty
Commeline	Mr. Edmonstone
Clarke	Edwards, Ch. Ch.
Compton	Etten
Challen	Elliott
	Edwards

N A M E S.

147

Mr. Edwards, Hert. Coll.	Mr. Geary
Ebdell	Gurdon
Edwards, Pem. Coll.	Goode
Edwards, Jesus Coll.	Gregory, Exeter Coll.
Eyton	Gore
Eccles	Griffith
Ebdon	Glover
F	Grubbe
Mr. Fletcher, Mayor	Gregory
Rev. Dr. Fothergill, Pro-	Miss George
voost of Queen's Coll.	Miss Grant
2 Copies	H
Mrs. Fothergill	Rev. Mr. Holland
Rev. Mrs. Fothergill	Hughes
James Fothergill	Heeghway
Filks	Halie
Finch	Hayes
Ford	Mrs. Hornsby
Mrs. Ford	Mrs. Hawkins
Mr. Frankland	Mr. Harper, G. C.
Filmer	Harris
Fhurlow	Hyde
Filmer, C. C. C.	Harrison
Fortescue	N. Hill
J. Fisher	Hall
Fernghough	Holner
Flamank	Hungerford
G	Holyoake
Rev. Mr. Gould	Tho. Honiatt
Griffith	Hopkins
Godfrey	Hill
Goutch	Hurdis
Mr. Gabell	Hutton
Gascoyne	Howell
Grosvenor	Hooker
Gordon	Haskett
Greenhill	Huldré
Guard	Hurst
Gaitham	Holt
Gray	Hill
Griffey	Hawkins
	Hughes

148 SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Hughes
Hume, 2 Copies
Headley
Hunt, Trin. Coll.
Harbin
Hunt, Pem. Coll.
Hereford
Hildyard
Hatton
J. Hutchinson

Rev. Mr. Ingraham
Johns
Jones
Johns

Mr. Ilbert
Jones
Jeston
Ireland
Jones, junr.

Mrs. Jenner

K
Rev. Mr. Keeple
Knight
Kirrick
Knight, P. Coll.
Kilner
Kening

L
Hon. Mr. Legg
Hon. Mr. Littleton
Rev. Dr. Long
Rev. Mr. Lichfield, M. Coll.
Lichfield, W. Coll.
Lawthian
Landon
Lediard

Mr. Lee
Mrs. Lowmy
Mrs. Ludbey
Miss Lawrance

Mr. Lindsay
Lockwood
Rob, Leigh
Le Messier
Lysons
J. Langley
Leighton

M
Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Rector
of Lincoln Coll.

Rev. Mr. Montagu
Moulding
Maffon
Matthews
Maffingberd

Mrs. Morrell

Mr. Martin
Meckham
Moss
Milner
Meakin
Milward
Muckleton
Martin
Matthew
Mathew
Millward
Mead
Methold
Mufgrove
Meredith
Marshall

Mrs. Mayo

N
Hon. Fredrick North
Rev. Dr. Nowell, Principal
of St. Mary's Hall
Rev. Mr. Newman
Thos. Newman
Nicholl

Mr. Newman

Nicholas

N A M E S. . 5

Mr. E. Nares	Mr. Paul
Newman	R
Nash	The Rev. Dr. Randolph,
Nettleship	Principal of Albon-
G. Nicholas	Hall
Newton	The Lady of the Rev. Dr.
O	Randolph, President of
Rev. Dr. Oglander, War-	C. C.
den of New Coll. 3	Rev. Dr. Reading
Copies	Rev. Mr. Roberfson
Mr. Oliver	Routh
Oldfworth	Radcliffe
Ogle	Ruyeter
P	Rolls
Rev. Mr. Parr, Fel. of C.C.	Mrs. Rowney
Proffer	Redwood
Pole	Mr. Rawley
Miss Peck	Raddish
Mrs. T. Prickett	Roberfson
Mr. Peck	Rouquet
Prince	Rupell
Pearfson	Ramnecy
Piddocke	Raisbeck
Pulventoft	S
Payne	Rev. Mr. Smallwell, Ca-
Parker	nnon of Chrift Church,
Percivall	2 copies
Papillon	Rev. Dr. Sheffield, provoft
Plater	of Worcester Coll.
Paget	Rev. Mr. Siffmore
Phillips	Stratford
Pafons	Shaw
Phelps	Smith
Pitt	Spencer
Pemberton	Shore
Powell	Scott
Parfons	Mrs. Sugar
Peachy	E. Seely
Patterfson	Miss Smith
Palmer	Miss Ann Smith
C. Plunknett	Edwin Sandys, Efqr.
	Mr. Scott

6 SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Scott
Shutt
Smith
Stafford
Smyth
Samuel
Spearing
Shawe
Stone
Sharp
Miss Sydenham
Mr. Shaw
Smith
Shore
Saltren
Stevens
Slaney
Stuart

T

The Hon. and Rev. Dr.
Tracy, Warden of All
Souls, 3 Copies

Rev. Mr. Tanner
Tesh
Turner
Totham
Tahourden
Twopenny

Mr. Tomkins
Trollope
Tomkip

Miss Taylor
Tuck

Mr. W. E. Taunton
Thomson
Tyrwhitt
Trebeck
E. Pawney

Mrs. G. Treacher
Tucker, Q. Coll.
Tucker, Ball Coll.

Mr. Tomkins
Toke
Traleton
Trollope
Tree
Turner
Trevelyan

V

Rev. Dr. Vivian

Mr. Vigor

Mr. Ventnis

Vassall

Vernon

Vaughan

Mr. Upton

W

Hon. Mr. Windfor

The Lady of the Rev. Dr.
Wetherell, Master of
of Univer. Coll.

Dr. Wall

Rev. Mr. White

Wood

Warton

Watkins

Wisdome

Williams, W. C.

Williams, J. C.

Watson

Welles

Woodroffe

Mrs. Wood

Mr. Willes

Wingfield

W. Willes

Warren

White

Wrey

Wenman

Wroughton

Williams, M. Coll.

Mr. Wood

N A M E S.

Mr. Watter
 Webbe
 Wood
 Worlocombe
 Western
 Woodhann
 Wood, Queen's Coll.

Y

Rev. Yeatman
 Mr. Yates

WINCHESTER.

A

M R. Anderson
 Miss Anderson
 Mr. Applegarth
 J. Austin

B

Mrs. P. Bathurst
 Mrs. Barlow
 Miss Barlow
 M. Barlow
 L. Barlow
 C. Barlow

Ensign Barlow
 Mr. R. Barlow
 Miss Blannerhass
 Mrs. Berkenhout
 Beckett

Miss Binham
 Rev. Mr. Ballard
 Bathurst

Mr. Barker
 Beckett
 Brereton
 Bowles
 Burdon
 Borman

Mrs. H. Blackstone
 Burgat
 Bayspoole

Mrs. Bishop
 R. Botten, Esq.

C

His Grace the Duke of
 Chandos, 7 Copies
 Her Grace the Dutchess of
 Chandos, 7 Copies

Lady Charnock
 Mrs. Clarke
 Chiverton

Miss Collings
 Mr. T. Cooke

Mr. Cave
 Carter
 Curtes

D

John Dowell, Esq. Mayor
 Hon. Mrs. Dormer
 Mrs. Dodsworth, 3 Copies
 Durnford

Miss Draper
 Mrs. Dowell
 Mr. John Dowling
 Dunn

E

Mr. Earle
 East

G

Lord Gray
 Rev. Mr. Gauntlett, 2 C.
 Gabell
 Goddard

C. Gauntlett, Esq.
 P. Gauntlett, Esq.
 Mrs. Gamon
 Miss Ginkins

H

Rev. Mr. Huntingford
 Howley

Mr. Howley
 Mrs. Hair

Mr.

8 SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Hutchinso	Rev. Mr. Norman
Harfield	Mr. Newbolt
Hilman	O
Hooper	Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle
Mrs. Hide	P
J	Rev. Mr. Price
Mr. Joules	Mrs. Price
K	Mrs. Pawle
F. C. Kirby, Esq; S.at Law	Miss Pyottt
Mrs. Ker, 3 Copies	H. Pyott
Mrs. Knott	Parkhurst
Mr. Kentish	Mr. Parry
C. Kirby	W. A. Phelp
Mrs. Kimber	R
Mr. W. Knapp	Lady Rivers
L	Sir Richard Reynell
Lady Caroline Leigh	Rev. Mr. Richmond
Rev. Mr. Lowth, P. of W.	John Richurft, Esq.
Dr. Littlehales	Mrs. Richards
Mrs. Lee	Rogers
Miss Lee	Mrs. Raven
Mrs. Leathes	S
Lovegrove	James Serle, Esq.
A. Line	Mr. R. Serle
Mr. Lyford	T. Serle
H. Loyd	Serle
M	Mrs. Sturges
Rev. Mr. Mence	Sparshott
Dr. Mackitrick	Scoby
Thos. Middleton, Esq.	Sadler
Miss Mears	Miss Sterck
Mr. Milner	T
Mrs. Metham	Rev. Mr. Tawney
Morrison	Hon. Mr. Thyne
Mofs	Mr. Thomas
Meador	W. Thomas
Moody	V
N	Mr. Vokes
The Right Hon. Earl of	W
Northington, 7 Copies	Rev. Dr. Warton, M. of
Rev. Mr. Newbolt	W. Coll. Rev.

NAMES.

9

Rev. Mr. Williams

Webb

Mr. Westlake

W. Walldin

Wetherell

Wool

Mrs. Warton

Miss Warton

Wools

Wheatly

Y

Rev. Mr. Yaldon

James Yaldon, Esq.

SOUTHAMPTON.

A

W M. Andrews, Esq.

Miss Aldersey

Miss A. Aldersey

B

Mr. Brice

W. Brackstone

Bernard, Surgeon

R. Ballard

W. Barnard

T. Barnard

Mrs. Bridges

Budd

Miss Brice

Binmore

C

Mr. Cropp

Mrs. Champion

Cropp

D

Rev. Mr. O. Davies

P. De Carteret, Esq.

Mr. W. Drake

Mrs. Daman

Day

E

Mr. T. Evans

Mrs. Everitt

J. E.

F

Dr. Frazer

Valentine Fitzhugh, Esq.

G

Mr. Grierfon

Greenstreet

Mrs. Greenstreet

H

Lady Hughes

Rev. Mr. Halton

Mr. J. Hall

Mrs. Hague

Howard

Hoedly

Hamond

Hull

Hookey

K

Rev. Mr. Kingsbury

Mrs. Kynaston

L

Wm. Ludlow, Esq.

Major Le Marchant

Mr. T. Lys

Mrs. Le Hunt

M

Rev. Mr. Mant

Mr. Moncton

C. Mills

J. Mobbs

Mrs. Mills

Messer

Martin, sen.

Miss Morris

N

Mr. Noble, Mayor

Miss Norris

P

SUBSCRIBERS

P.
 Mrs. Pitt
 Perkins
 Miss Purbeck
R.
 Mr. Rice
 Mrs. Reed
 Raymond
S.
 Rev. Mr. Scott
 Capt. Samson
 Mr. Stappers
 Sadleir
 Mrs. Shorley
 Simpkins
 Miss St. John
T.
 Mr. W. Taylor
 Mrs. Thomas, 2 Copies
 Tarrant
 Taylor
 Miss Taylor
 C. Taylor
V.
 Mrs. Valabra
W.
 Rev. Mr. Woodford
 Mr. J. Ward
 E. B. Wollstonecraft, Esq.
 Mr. Waring, Surgeon
 Wylda
 Mrs. Watfon
 Woodyear
 Miss Watts
 Wallis

NEWPORT.

A.
 REV. Mr. Atkins
 Mr. W. Angle

Miss E. Abbott
B.
 Philip Ballard, Esq.
 Mr. R. Brown
 Bayly
 Wm. Baker
 R. Barlow
 Wm. Bouzell
 R. Bassett, Surgeon
 Wm. Bouyell
 Mrs. Ballard
 E. Browfe
 Miss E. Bowden
C.
 Mr. Wm. Clarke
 Richard Cooke
 Tho. Cook
 Rt. Clarke, Attorney
 R. Clarke, ditto
 Cowlam, Surgeon,
 Wm. Cooke
 Mrs. Croke
 Miss Clarke
 Clab
D.
 Rev. Wm. Dickenson
 Mr. Rich. Drake
 Wm. Drake
 P. Dodd
 Day
 Mrs. E. Douglas
 S. Davidson
 Duckett
 Daw
E.
 Mrs. Elliott
G.
 Capt. Grace
 Mr. Greves
 J. Gumma
 Mrs. M. Goodive
 Gregory

N A M E S.

11

H

Lady Holmes
Mr. Holl
Mrs. E. Hayward
Mary Hall
Haddon
Harman
Miss Heaton

J

Mr. Jerom
J. Jolliffe
Wm. Jones
Mrs. Jolliffe

K

Mr. J. Kirkpatrick

L

Mrs. Lalow

M

Mr. Robert Miller
J. Mallett

Mrs. Major

N

Mr. P. Nichols
Richard Newbery
Mrs. Noles

P

Mr. Thomas Pittis
E. Partridge
W. Pedder
Porter
J. Perry
Capt. Pyott
Mrs. Pinhorn
Popham
Frances Pike

R

Mrs. E. Roberts
J. Roberts
Rogers
Roch

S

Mr. Wm. Sheath

Mr. J. Smith
Mrs. Sheath
E. Simms
Miss M. Shipman
T.
Mr. Trattle, Mayor
J. Till
Wm. Tucker

Mrs. E. Trattle
Miss M. Bridges

U

Mr. J. Upward

W

Rev. Mr. Worley
Mr. John Welman
J. Wray

Mrs. M. Wavell
Mrs. Wavell
Whitehead

C O W E S.

A

Mr. Andrews
Mr. A.
Mrs. Alley

B

Mr. Blackford
Mrs. Blandford
Miss Banister
Buttsworth
Baskerville

C

Mr. Cusken
J. Cooke
Civil
Chiverton
Wm. Cuthen

Miss Corke

D

Mr. James Deacon
Deacon Mrs.

Mrs. De la Francis
Miss Daniells

F

Mr. Fabian
Mrs. Francis
Miss Fabian

G

Mrs. Gely

H

Mr. Daniel Hill
Wm. Holloway
Harris

Mrs. Harrington
Haddon
Hewitt

J

Mr. Jackson
H. Jeyes

Mrs. Jacob

K

Mrs. Kent

M

Mr. Mallett
Mrs. Mackenzie
M'Culloch
Maund

P

Mrs. Parkman

R

Mr. Roe
Roffey
C. Rotley

S

Mr. Shepherd
Spreets
Speden

Mrs. Sime
Simms
Stephens

T

Mr. Thomson

W

Mr. J. Wellsted
Leonard Wincey
Mrs. Wincey

PORTSMOUTH.

A

MR. Aylward
Mr. Adams

Mr. Avery
Adams

Mrs. Alford

Alford

Allcock

Afmond

Allian

Allian

Adams

Anfell

Arnold

B

Mr. Burnett

Barker

E. Binstead

Brackstone

Baker

Binstead

Baldy

Boyes

Mrs. Broughton

Bofee

Brown

Backhouse

Burrell

Brain

Bowley

Ballard

Best

Burlace

Brine

NEW NAMES. 13

Mrs. Brine	Mrs. Chudleigh
Bruges	Cunningham
Bolton	Churcher
Buskell	Charters
Barefoot	Cave
Bagnoll	Crisp
S. Brown	Cowdery
Barton	Champion
Busbridge	Crow
Burnett	Cooper
Bacon	Cofins
Biffett	Miss Crookshanks
Byerley	Cocks
Brain	R. Cocks
Broughton	Cobden
Miss Bedford	Cuallett
Batchelor	
Budden	D
H. Boisfrond	Mr. Deacon
C	Dewey
Sir John Carter	Danford
Rev. Mr. Cooley	Davis
Capt. Chalmers	Mrs. Dawle
Mr. Couchor, Druggist	Dundas
Wm. Cox	Denten
Compton	Miss Dawson
Cox	E
Carter	Mr. Elliott
Wm. Carter	Edwards
Coeley	Elgar
Cooke	Miss Elliott
Carter	Eyer
Curtis	F
Cuzens	Mr. Freeman
Collins	Freeland
Coufens	Floyd
Charmon	Foord
Cox	Fincham
Mr. Cockton	Ford
Coker	Fuller
Mrs. Curier	Mrs. Frankling
	Miss

Miss Fenn

Fry

G

Mr. John Godwin, Mayor

Greenway

Gransmore, 2 Copies

H. Grant

Gauntlet

Mrs. Gray

Grigg

Gibbens

Garrett

Grossmith

Gill

Gregory

Green

Gillam

Glandening

Grafham

Miss Grant

H

Lady Hood

Lady Hamilton

George Huish, Esq.

Lieut. Holmes

Mr. Horsey

Hay

Hancock

Holt

Higgins, jun.

Hickley

Hobbs

Hoar

Haylor

Hayne

Hill

Halsted

Mrs. Hector

Hillyar

Hurry

Hulke

Mrs. Harward

Hunt

Hewett

Hunter

Hammond

Hill

Hawker

Hendry

Heslop

Holdstock

Hillyer

Hollis

Hammond

Hart

Miss A. Hunt

Hinton

Herring

Hornby

Mr. Johnson, Surgeon

Jubber

Jeffery

K

Mr. Kennett

J. Kingett

Mrs. King

Kember

L

Mr. Thomas Lyed

Lawson

Lear

Legg

Mrs. Lyons

Lawrence

Ladd

Loup

Legg

Leeke

Long

Lovell

Luke

M

NAMES.

15

M

Rev. Mr. Morce
Mr. Muirhead
Meredith
Miall
Millard, Surgeon
Mitchell, ditto
Marshalls
Morey
Martin
Morley
Morgan
Moran
Money
Mills
Mitchell
Meffer
Monday
Mrs. Moriarty
Mountain
Mouatt
Merritt
Morris
Macbean
Mayby
Moses

N

Hon. Mrs. Napier 3 Copies
George Nunns, Esq.

O

Rev. Mr. Orange
Mrs. Osborn

P

Admiral Sir Thomas Pyc,
3 Copies
Mr. Player
Pike
Peers, Attorney at Law
Polhill
Primate
James Passard

Mr. Pritchock
Palmer
Perrin
Mrs. Palby, 2 Copies
Pearce
Purkis
Peace
Porter
Pitt
Pope
Pepper
Pafley
Poole
Porter
Miss Poore

R

Mr. Reed
Ramsey
Rule
Rule
Mrs. Rowe
Read
Rooksby
Reading
Robson
Read
Roe
Robertson
Miss Ramsay

S

Mr. Sabene
Scurth
Smith
Spencer
Smith
Sanders
Stephen
Stone
Spurrell
Mrs. Smith
Sharp

Mrs.

Mrs. Snook
Sibley
Smith
Shugart
Shuger
Smith
Stanton
Shepherd
A. Smith
Sandys
Simpson
Steill
Stephen
Miss Shaw
Miss Shepherd

T

Mr. E. Turner
Tolfree
Taylor
Tribe
Tattum
Teed
Trend

Mrs. Temple
Taylor
Thomson
Temple
Tracy

Miss Trevelan
Teeddale

U

Mr. Upton
Vidol
Veck

Mrs. Vase

Miss Varlo

W

Mr. Weston
Wheeler
White
G. White

Mr. Woolfe

White

Williams

Willson

Watkins

Wade

White

Wallis

Mrs. Wisdom

Williams

White

Wiggins

Webb

Woodman

Whitly

Winson

Whitlar

Whitfield

Whetaker

Y

Mrs. Yatman

G O S P O R T

M R. Adams

Mrs. Arminer

Mrs. Ashford

Adams

Adgman

B

Mr. Biddlecombe

Blamire, 2 Copies

Badge

Boys

Billett

Burnett

Beaty

Benson

Mrs. Bird

Barton

Bradley

Mrs.

N A M E S.

17

Mrs. Badge
 Boulton
 Ball
 Buckland
 Bowden
 Miss Bedford
 Bligh
 Buckland
 Bingham
 Blundells
 C
 Vincent Corbett, Esq,
 Mr. Collins
 Mrs. Castleman
 Collins
 Crease
 Miss Curry
 Carter
 D
 Lady Douglas
 Mr. Danford
 Dods
 Drane
 Mrs. Dalton
 Duncan
 Daman
 E
 Admiral Evans, 3 Copies
 James Evans
 Mrs. Ellifon
 Elliott
 Miss Eldridge
 F
 Mr. Robert Faulkner
 Mrs. Figg
 Finsby
 G
 Mr. Grift
 Gilbert
 Grey
 Mrs. Graham

Mrs. Goodiff
 Grift
 H
 Mr. Huish
 Harper
 Mrs. Hill
 Hayter
 Handely
 Hendley
 Hall
 Hanly
 Miss Howford
 Hollis
 J
 Mr. Jellicoe
 Jewell
 Mrs. Jordan
 Johnston
 Jurd
 K
 Mr. Kneller
 L
 Mr. Ledgard
 Ledstone
 Mrs. Lewis
 Miss Lowley
 Lee
 M
 Mald. March
 Mr. Midford
 Morfe
 Marchall
 Mason
 Mrs. Marshall
 Mason
 Moubrey
 Merritt
 Matthews
 Mason
 Miss Mountford
 M'Kinley

18 SUBSCRIBERS

N
 Mr. Neilson
 Norriſh
 Mrs. Norris
O
 Mr. Orchard
P
 Mr. Wm. Page
 Parker
 Mrs. Pedder
 Parsons
 Miſs Peachy
 Piercy
R
 Mr. Redman
 Mrs. Roberts
 Rook
 Reeves
 Miſs Roper
 Randall
S
 Mr. Smith
 Smith, jun.
 Mrs. Stanfeeld
 Salt
 Sutton
 Shoveer
 Salter
 Silveſter
 Simpson
 Miſs Searley
 Shivers
T
 Mr. Timmings
 Mrs. Tither
U
 Dr. Vaughan
 Mrs. Vaughan
 Vealey
 Vaines
 Underwood

Mrs. Utterſon
W
 Mr. Wilkinſon
 J. Wigley
 John Whitear
 Whitcomb
 Weſtbrook
 Weſt
 Waller
 Mrs. Waddy
 Woodman
 Waldron, 2 Copies
 Wareham
Y
 Mrs. Young

F A R E H A M.

A
 M R. Albeck
 Mrs. Altarrow
B
 Lady Benett
 Mr. Barney
 Blutherwick
 Mrs. Bargus
D
 Lady Dent
 Mrs. Duglas
F
 Mr. Franklin
 Mrs. Franklien
 R. Fall
G
 Mr. Goodive
 Mrs. Gayton
 Godein
H
 Mr. Henderſon
 Mrs. Hodge
 Hobſon

Miſs

Miss C. Hawker

J

Mrs. Johnson

K

Mr. Knight
John Knight

Miss Kneller

M

Rev. Mr. Mercer

Mr. Mason

Mrs. Montagu

N

Mr. Newman

P

Mr. Parsons

Perry

Mrs. Parsons

Porter

Phillips

Miss Parker

R

Mr. Ralfe

S

Mr. Sparkes

Mrs. Stares

T

Mr. Thresher

Miss Taylor

W

Rev. Mr. Woods

Mr. Wiglesworth

Mrs. Wallis

WICKHAM.

MR. English

Mr. Prior

Capt. Weir

Mrs. Atkins

Bradburn

Callaway

Mrs. Garnier

Maidman

Tyrwhitt

Woodrow

Miss Jacobs

WALTHAM.

REV. Mr. Bale

Mr. Bullock

Mr. Churcher

Cook

Cole

Mr. Donniger

Rev. Mr. Dufautoy

Mr. Fox

Jennings

Jonas

Capt. Lee

Mr. J. Penford

Richards

Villians

Rev. Mr. Walters

Mrs. Barfoot

Hart

Ann Jones

Woodman

ALRESFORD.

MR. Aslett

Mr. Bonall

Mr. Bradley

Bugby

Harley

John Hinden, jun.

Knapp

Rev. Mr. Masters

Lady Parker

Prangnall

Shawford

Soper

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Wright
Wynn
Mrs. Aslett
Buller
Dancaster
Edwards
Green
Hargess
Miss Fisher
Holden
Maria Holden
Nevill
Terry

NEW BURY.

SIR Joseph Andrew
Rev. Mr. Best
— Cooft, Esq.
T. Cowslad, Esq.
Mr. Hawkins
Capt. Howdell
Rev. Mr. Merchant
Parry
Osman Vincent, Esq.
Lady Andrews
Lady Craven, 3 Copies
Mrs. Davies
Grigs
King
Merriam
Penrose
Reidford
Sainsbury
Miss Hine
May

ABINGDON.

MR. Bedwell
Mr. Blake

Rev. Mr. Cheabury
Mr. Curtis
Joseph Fletcher
Thomas Fletcher
Kent
Rev. Mr. Lake
Mr. Lewis
Moore
Rev. Mr. Stevenson
Mrs. Nash
Rose
Tomkins
J. Tomkins
W. Tomkins
Tombs
Miss Harding
Kendall
Stephens

WHITCHURCH.

MR. Barker
Rev. Mr. Blair
Rev. Mr. Garnett
Joseph Portal, Esq.
Mrs. Meadows
Streatwell
Thorngate
Miss Hayter
Phillips

WOODSTOCK.

MR. Bennet
Mr. Coles, Mayor
Rev. Mr. Hind
King
Ridding
Mrs. Brooks
Ingram
Scriven

Mrs.

N A M E S.

25.

Mrs. Walker, a Copied
Wodhull
Miss B. Ingram
M. Ingram

SALISBURY.

A

R EV. Mr. Adams
Mr. Adams
Mr. Attwater
Hon. Mrs. Arundell
Miss Arundell
Attwater

B

Rev. Mr. Brown
Benson
Busch

Mr. Barfoot
Ballard
Biggs
Beale
Brownjohn

Mrs. Bearley
Boucher
Best
Blake

C

Mr. Crofield
Curtoys
Coster
Carter
Causway
Mrs. Clarke
Cooper
Corfe
Crouch
Miss Chubb

D

Dr. Daniel
Mr. Dyke

Miss Dyker
Davis

E

W. B. Earle, Esq.
Mr. Edgar, jun.
Everett
Elliott

Mrs. Edwards
Miss Edwards

F

Mr. Fiddes
Freemantle
H. Freke
Forlyth

Mrs. Foster
Miss Fuller

G

Dr. Grove
Mr. Griesdale
Goulden
Green

Mrs. Goldwyre
Gibbs

Miss Grubbe
Goddard

H

Canon Hume
Rev. Mr. Holland
Colonel Hillman

Mr. Hawkins
R. Hawkins
Harris

Mrs. Hanham
Hussey
Hayter
Hodding
Hutfield

Miss Hawkins

J

Dr. Jacob
Mrs. Jeane

Mrs.

Mrs. Ivie
 Johnfon
 Miss Jacob
 Jukes
 L
 Mr. Long
 Lewis
 M
 Rev. Mr. Moore
 Colonel Michel
 Mr. Marfh
 J. Marfh
 D. Marfh
 Marks
 Merifield
 Mannings
 Mrs. Martin
 Miss Moore
 N
 Mr. Newton
 Mrs. Noel
 O
 Mr. Ogden
 P
 Francis Powell, Esq.
 Dr. Paul
 Rev. Mr. Philips
 Mrs. Pyle
 Miss Poore
 Prichards
 R
 Mr. Rolfe
 Mrs. Ridding
 Rollestone
 Rothwell
 Rooke
 Richards
 Miss Reed
 Rendall
 S
 Nath. Still, Esq. Mayor

Rev. Dr. Samber
 Rev. Mr. Skinner
 Mr. Shergold
 John Smith
 William Smith
 Sweatman
 Mrs. Sympson
 Sutton
 Slater
 Shuttleworth
 Sterne
 Miss Steele
 T
 William Trenchard, Esq.
 Mr. Tanner
 Thatcher
 V
 Mr. Vanderplank
 W
 Rev. Mr. Williams
 Westcott
 Wyche
 White
 William Whitechurch
 Edmund White
 Wyatt
 Mrs. Williams
 Wapshare
 Wilkins
 Miss White
 Whitmarsh
 Westcott

R O M S E Y.

CAPT. Wm. Brookman
 Mr. J. K. Comly
 Mr. Thomas Hale
 J. Hedges
 Stephen Leach
 R. Newman

Rev.

N A M E S.

23

Rev. Mr. Penton
Mr. Richard Pearce
W. Sharp
Rev. Mr. Williams
Mr. Watts
Waldron
Mrs. J. Forder
H. Godfrey
S. Hardyman
Pain
Wells
Miss Cock
Fletcher
Madgwick
Moller
Tarver
Trodd
Whiting

B A T H.

A

DUCHESS of Ancaſter
J. Akers, Eſq. 3 Cop.
Rev. Mr. Armſtrong
Mr. Anſley
Arundell
Atwood
Abbott
Mrs. Atley
S. Albyn

B

Hon. Henry Bennet
Capt. Blacker
Mr. Barry
Thomas Beale
Bond
Browne
Bryant
Burgess
O. Buſh

Lady Baynton
Mrs. Baker
Bartın
Baldwin
Bennet
Bennet
Bennett
Boldwon
Beale
Bowdler
Burge
Burr
Barry
Buckworth
Bell
Bunney
Miss Brock
Blacker

C

Lord Conyngham
Rev. Mr. Collins
Capt. Cooke
Mr. Collings
Colborne
Cadby
Crawford
Cruſtwell
Cullais
Mrs. Cunlieffe
Colborne
Cotes
Cocknone
Campbell
Collett
Carne
Cracroft
Crowe
Caink
Chapman
Cowper
Miss Coker

Miss

Miss Clutterbuck

Crobie
Cresswell

D

Dr. Dobson

Wm. Davison, Esq.

Mr. Dawson

Mrs. Dawson

Dunne

Dunne

Deane

Dory

Dawson

Dimond

Dart

Miss Dobree

E

Lady Erne

Rev. Mr. Eldeston

Mr. Elliot

Mrs. Evans

Elton

Edwards

Miss Enys

F

Lady Fetherston

Dr. Falconer

Thomas Falconer, Esq.

Mr. Franks

Mrs. Forbes

Forbes

Mrs. Fairfax

Forman

Miss Falkner

G

Rev. Mr. Griffith

Gutteridge

Lady Glynn

Mrs. Glynn

Lady K. Gerald

Hon. Mrs. Grenville

Mrs. Gage

George

George

Gyde

Grimes

Miss Greenwood

H

Countess of Harcourt

Lady Hervey

Hon. Mr. Hamilton

Col. Hunter

Rev. Mr. Hickes

Mr. Hagard

Hetwell

Harris

Harmer

Hepburn

Mrs. Holman

Haggitt

Hull

Holcombe

Harrie

Hoare

Howard

Hawkins

Hetwell

Haffard

Hancocke

Humphreys

Hedges

Henshaw

Mrs. Hinxman

Miss Hayward

Henton

Hallifan

Harrison

Haffall

J

Mr. James

Mrs. James

James

Mrs.

N A M E S.

25

Mrs. Jackson
 Johnson
 Miss Jackson
 Jones
 K
 Mr. Kilvert
 King
 Mrs. Krauter
 Keasberry
 Miss King
 L
 Lord Lisle
 Lady Lisle
 Mr. Lechnere
 Lowfield
 Mrs. H. Lisle
 Linddiard
 Lawford
 Le Merchant
 Lee
 Le Mefurier
 Miss Leigh
 Lewis
 M
 Lady Mannock
 Hon. Mrs. Mackworth
 Hon. Mrs. Moore
 William Madden, Esq.
 Thomas Mead, Esq.
 Colonel Mackintosh
 Rev. Mr. Morgan
 Mr. M. Martin
 William Matthews
 Mrs. Mackworth
 Munison
 Morgan
 C. Morgan
 Metholl
 Martin
 Morris
 Melmoth

Mrs. Martyn
 Moody
 Mayler
 Miss Mendes
 S. Mendes
 Martin
 N
 Mrs. Negle
 Newman
 Needham
 Miss Newcome
 O
 Mrs. Onslow
 Miss Owen
 P
 Gen. Parflow
 James Put
 Mrs. Poole
 Petty
 Preston
 Peake
 Porter
 Procton
 Miss Pearce
 Purlewent
 Plunkett
 R
 Mr. Russell
 Rack
 Mrs. Ross
 Roebuck
 Robins
 Miss Rumbouillet
 S
 Lady Sydney
 Stepney
 Mary Stanley
 Isabella Stanley
 Sir John Stapylton, Bart.
 Dr. J. Smith
 Dr. Staker

Mr.

Mr. J. Symons	Miss Tyler
Stroud	Torre
Stracey	Taylor
Mrs. Snee	V
Savage	Mrs. Vandewall
Stone	Verker
Stewart	W
Saville	John Walcot, Esq.
Simpson	Rev. Dr. Wilson
Smith	Dr. Watson
Miss Stanley	Mr. Wingrove
Swinburne	Williams
T	Wilfon
Right Hon. Lady Tracy, 2	Mrs. Warwick
Copies	Wheeler
Capt. Tompson	Welch
Mr. Thomson	Wignall
Tully	White
Townsend	Wild
Timbrel, 2 Copies	Miss Waters
Mrs. Thomson	Wrey
Thresher, 2 Copies	Wiltshire
Torrent	White
Trigg	Watts
Toundrow	Wingrove

** * It is hoped no Offence will be taken by any of the Subscribers, should any of their Names be improperly spelt, or their Titles of Distinction omitted, as the Author had not the Honour of knowing many of them.*

